

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 3, 1960 25 CENTS

WASHINGTON'S BOB SCHLOREDT



What every father should tell his son about slacks

(and why Acrilan®
is the best place
to end up)

It's important that you tell your boy about slacks. Otherwise he may pick up a lot of misinformation on the streets.

To get you through the ordeal, here is some background material that will add drama to your presentation.

The word itself: Most authorities trace the word "slacks" to the Latin *laxus*, meaning spacious or loose, which is a pretty good description of the garment. In this respect, slacks might be considered the opposite of tights. The word originally came into the language as military slang for trousers when worn without puttees (remember puttees?). It is interesting to note that men (between 18 and 25) who wore neither military trousers nor puttees were once called "slackers."

Why plural? The "s" on the end of "slacks" has always confounded experts. And why say a pair of slacks when we mean only one garment. True, slacks have two legs, but what does that prove? A coat has two arms, yet a pair of coats is two garments. "Two-leg" reasoning also leads to the conclusion that slacks are plural at the bottom and singular at the top. But why has the bottom won out? As you can see, this whole issue is a tangle of confusion. We wish someone would walk into a store and ask for "a slack." We're curious to know what he'd get. One leg?



Acrilan: This is where we come in. We make Acrilan acrylic fiber. You'll find it in some splendid slacks for men and boys. Among them, Reston slacks made by the Hercules Trousers Co. Here's what you should know about them. (1) Thanks to Acrilan, these slacks can be washed and dried by machine. They come out with their press practically intact. (You can also dry clean them.) (2) They stay neat longer than most slacks because Acrilan quickly recovers from wrinkles and

really holds a crease. (3) For men, many fabrics are available. There's Royal Cord (70% Acrilan, 20% rayon, 10% acetate); Thunderbird Flannel (70% Acrilan, 30% rayon); plus other fabrics with Acrilan including Royal Cob and Royal Twist. (4) Colors are gray, cambridge, charcoal, brown, and olive. (5) For men, these slacks come in either the Ivy or the pleated model. (6) For boys, Reston Junior slacks are available in the Ivy model. (7) The price starts at \$8.95 for men and \$6.95 for boys.



Ask for Reston slacks at your favorite men's store or department.

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October 3, 1960

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

from L. L. Callaway, Jr.

Leafing back through the yellowing pages of my memory book, I find that I have harangued you with a number of telling points about *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—

—that our 950,000 household heads have the highest median income of any general weekly—that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s editorial pages are the perfect background for almost any modern ad campaign—that sport makes an ideal setting for aggressive selling and merchandising—that advertisers in many and diverse fields are getting tangible and profitable results from their *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* advertising—

But it occurs to me that there is one point that I may not have ever made at all. It's a marketing point that is so basic that it can be very easily overlooked by even the ablest of us in the marketing business.

It's simply this: an advertising medium can look like the best buy you ever bought—and then your sales fall short of expectations because of the age of the readers: too young or too old.



Somewhere, between the cradle and the grave, there's a time when most consumers of most products are buying more actively than at any other time in their lives. Statistics establish this time at between 25 and 54 years, as I will show later.



Kids from 0 to 10 may be fair game for toys, bubble gum, and premium-packing package foods—

SPI

(continued on other side)



Teen-age consumers may have lately acquired the dignified status of a market—

But when all is said and done, people rarely begin to gain their full stature as consumers until marrying age.



Ready or not, the nervous newlywed is on the brink of the "acquisitive years" when he will have more and more



groceries to buy—

—more bedrooms to furnish



—and baths to build

SP2



(continued on back
flap of this insert)



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From \$129⁰⁰
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It means sound engineering, the careful selection of the finest materials and the vigilant supervision of their processing through machining, heat treatment, precise hand fitting and finishing.

It means accomplished workmen, highly skilled in their respective crafts and understandably proud of the matchless results of their efforts.

It means economy to you, for only well made things are inexpensive to own, and only things made well are really valued possessions.

You'll find this quality in the Browning Automatic-5... smooth, positive function each time you squeeze the trigger... a gun that will serve you surely, dependably every day you shoot, no matter how often or how much.

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DOBBS, PARK AVENUE AT 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. DOBBS IS A DIVISION OF HAT CORPORATION OF AMERICA.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 340 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in national, national and special editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$6.75 one year.

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Next week

As the 1968 waterfowl season opens, Albert Horstmann, biologist and hunter, calls for restoration of the dwindling flocks of ducks and the rising dignity of the hunter.

Through ice, storms and loneliness, a 56-year-old skipper beats his way to New York to win the transatlantic solo race. Here is Francis Childen's own dramatic story.

The Pittsburgh Pirates are a lively collection of fine ballplayers and interesting personalities. Some like none on Law, Friend, Skinner, Hook, Dargatzis and their colleagues.



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MY SIN

... a most

provocative perfume!



LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

MEMO from the publisher

LAST JULY 21 a 39-foot sloop named *Gipsy Moth III* sailed past the Ambrose Lightship and set a record as remarkable as any in a year remarkable for records. Francis Chichester, an English chartmaker, had sailed the Atlantic alone from east to west, had defeated four other rivals in the first transatlantic single-handed sailing race and had beaten by 16 days the previous westbound solo sailing record (SI, Aug. 1).

The story is one which *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has followed with rising interest ever since the announcement of the plans for the race more than two years ago (SI, June 2, 1958). Sponsored by the Royal Western Yacht Club and the Slocum Society, the race proposed a serious, responsible and (to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*) admirable twofold object: "(a) sport, and (b) the development of suitable boats, gear and techniques for single-handed ocean crossing under sail."

"If we didn't have such serious objectives," the Slocum Society's secretary, Richard McCloskey, said then, "the race would be like going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, just a lot of damn foolishness."

Only five men raced. With the purposefulness of skilled mariners, each accepted the long challenge of loneliness, weariness and primeval elements. All met the challenge well; all finished. Francis Chichester finished first and won the sporting object of

the race. But he achieved something else, which was not in the prospectus. He wrote during his voyage one of the rare and authentic documents of adventure.

Later he said, "You may wonder



RECORD BREAKER: GIPSY MOTH III

how I managed to do this when I complained continually of being overworked. Daily after breakfast, when I had come through the night and was feeling rather pleased and optimistic, I used to settle down, get out my blue book and imagine I was talking to a friend. I used to look forward to starting my little prattle."

Prattle, to no one's surprise (except possibly that of the captain and the crew of *Gipsy Moth III*), it is not. Next week *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* presents Francis Chichester's story of solitary seamanship, written as he sailed it—"a most noteworthy and enduring contribution," Editor Robert Cantwell says, "to the literature of men against the elements."

John F. Jones

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Even a goddess smiles approvingly at the man in the Arrow Decton shirt. Like all Arrow shirts, the Decton fits to well, it looks personally recovered.

This remarkable wash-and-wear shirt stays wrinkle-free no matter how long the day or trip.

The secret of Decton is in the magic blend of Dacron polyester, long-

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Left: snuff-color Decton Tabber with new tabber snap. Right: porcelain-blue Decton with shorter-point Glen collar. Both "Sanforized" labeled. Also (shown at right), in olive and "smoke," 6.95. Arrow ties, 2.50.



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EST. 1880

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Style 308 — one of Wright's family of handsomely styled Whippet shoes. Extremely flexible, soft as a slipper, yet with complete Arch Preserver support. In brown or black.



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1. No matter how you hold it, it's shaving at the right angle —can't miss a whisker.



2. The rounded head really gets into all the tough spots.



3. New trimmer features straightens sideburns, trims mustache.



4. Only blades can give you an electric shave so close, so fast, so comfortable.

Nothing shaves like a blade —

that's why Sunbeam puts 3 real blades
in this great new Shavemaster shaver—to give
you a closer, smoother, more comfortable shave
than any electric ever could before

Up to now you've had to make a choice. If you wanted the comfort and convenience of an electric, you've had to settle for less than a really close shave.

But no more.

This new Sunbeam Shavemaster introduces a basic new design that delivers a comfortable and really close shave. So close, it has to be compared with the results you get from a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade.

The reason is the new Sunbeam shaves you with real blades. It uses no clippers, no rotaries. Three real blades, locked in place inside its rounded head, shave the bristles of your beard—however they may grow—cleanly, smoothly and unbelievably fast.

No electric could ever shave you so close, so comfortably before.

Moreover, you find this out with your very first experience. You don't have to learn to use this new shaver. You don't spend weeks getting the "hang" of it. Its rounded head fits into every contour of your face. And, no matter how you hold it, its quick-cutting blades shave at the right angle.

Convenience has not been overlooked. It has an on-off switch, sideburn trimmer and a head that flips open for easy cleaning.

The new Shavemaster has changed electric shaving. And this is more than our opinion. It is the conviction of every man who uses it.

Sunbeam dealers have it now, for you to try.

See it demonstrated on "What's My Line", "Naked City" and "The Untouchables"

Sunbeam Corporation, Chicago 30, Ill. Canada: Toronto 18. ©Sunbeam, Shavemaster

Basic new
design
shaves you
with
3 real
blades!

NEW
SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER
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THE LIGHT WAY'S THE RIGHT WAY... WITH WINCHESTER FEATHERWEIGHT SHOTGUNS

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WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION, NEW HAVEN 8, CONN.

WINCHESTER

SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

A RAISE FOR SOLLY

Last Tuesday night in St. Louis a lippy 36-year-old manager named Solomon Joseph Hemus searched his bench for a pinch hitter, finally made the wild choice of raw recruit Charley James. The rookie slapped a two-run single, and the Cardinals won their fourth straight game, 3-2. Said Solomon Joseph with becoming modesty: "I had a hunch."

Nobody keeps statistics on successful hunches, but Solly Hemus has had more than his share. He manipulated his players and his hunches well, kept a tight bit in his jaws and wound the Cardinals all the way up to a fight for second place.

It was a long step upward from last year, when Hemus had tangled with his own players and umpires alike, managed to get kicked out of eight ball games, and in general displayed all the gall of the loudly insecure. When he sent Gene Green down to the minors Green yelled, "I'll be back in the majors, and that guy won't be around when I get back." When Green finally came back—to the Orioles—there were Solly Hemus and his Cardinals, firmly in the first division, and full of high hopes for next year.

Solly himself admits, "I wasn't a good manager last year. I made a lot of mistakes. I was learning." The day after his hunch paid off last week, the Cardinals decided Solly had indeed learned, gave him a \$10,000 raise and a fat new \$40,000 contract.

NEW HAT TRICK

Rupert Fothergill, a lantern-jawed Englishman, is senior game warden in Southern Rhodesia, and a ruddy good show he puts on. The other day he had to evacuate a one-ton lady rhino left stranded on a small island after a flood. Fothergill and his helpers boated across and shot a drugged dart into the old girl's shoulder, then trussed her up and loaded her onto a raft for the trip to the mainland.

There, Fothergill untied the ropes and sluiced buckets of water on the somnolent animal. This brought her somewhat more than to. She charged a nearby motorboat, ripping three gashes in its sides and dumping its occupants into the drink. Then she



RUPERT, HAT AND RIFLE

spotted the cause of all her travail, Rupert Fothergill.

Up she trundled and lunged at Fothergill. Rupert removed his bush hat and whacked it ever so smartly across the enraged animal's horn—whoooh! whoosh!—each time she charged him. Soon the indomitable warden had put the rhino to flight. Onlookers, safely shielded in a nearby boat, gave Fothergill a moist round of applause for this display of courage. Fothergill modestly accepted their tribute and then set off into the forest, trusty bush hat at the ready, looking for elephants.

THE ONE-BALL TWELVERONE

Golf courses, for some deep, primordial reason, bring out the wildest side of men. The latest exposition of this axiom comes from Dawson Creek,

British Columbia, where all this week the boys were racing around the course swinging their three-irons. Their special game goes as follows: There are 12 on a side, all using three-irons. There is one ball. The first "golfer" tees off. Far down the fairway, the second golfer watches the ball in flight, rushes to its landing place, gives it another swat down the fairway to a point where a third member of the team is waiting, three-iron poised. In this manner the ball is finally nudged into the cup, whereupon the golfer who holes out grabs the ball, rushes to the next tee and sends the ball whistling down the fairway to another golfer, etc., etc. The best score to date in Dawson Creek is 10 minutes and 45 seconds for a nine-hole course.

CUGAT U.

A Kansas City sports editor came back from lunch one day last week to find the following note from the switchboard operator:

"Your friend Pete called. He wanted to know the final score of the game between East Texas State and Abbe Lane Christian."

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Behind Jack Kramer's announcement of an all-pee Kramer Cup is a vast impatience with the failure of amateurs to establish open tennis. Kramer's competition will begin on an international basis next year.

- Baseball cynics accuse Gillette of forcing unneeded travel days into this year's World Series in order to insure a Sunday game and a big viewing audience. Commissioner Ford Frick insists that the real reason is to avoid the confusion caused by rushing from city to city overnight.

- Jamie, the French trotter and consumer of artichokes, has now developed a taste for grapes. Trainer Jean Riand will bring along a shipmate when Jamie heads for Yonkers Raceway next week.

- San Francisco Giants' stockholders may be leading the league financially. Back in the Polo Grounds days, they collected an annual dividend of about \$5 a share; this year they'll make close to \$25.

- The personality clash between White Sox Pitcher Dick Donovan and Manager Al Lopez, concealed by

continued

The Margarita Hour



And isn't it Always?



Si, senores, always it is time for CUERVO (pronounced kweer-vo) TEQUILA... the fabulous Mexican distilled liquor (promoted by epicures as unsurpassed with your favorite mix for distinguished cocktails). A suggestion: a CUERVO Tequila Margarita... a consequence of sophisticated hospitality.

*Tequila Margarita: 1 oz. Cuervo Tequila, 1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. fresh lemon juice. Shake with ice. Garnish with orange slice.

**JOSE
CUERVO
TEQUILA**

Imported by J. & W. McEwen Co., New York, N.Y.

SCORECARD continued

both men from Chicago fare, probably will lead to Donovan's being traded this off season.

Northwestern is using the lightest jerseys and pants in college football, according to Coach Ara Farneglian. In order to provide freer movement and avoid early-season heat problems, Farneglian also has 38 sets of thermal underwear ready for cold weather. "We don't want the boys piling on sweaters and jerseys under their uniforms," he says.

THE VOICE OF THE CRICKET

It is the time of the eighth moon in China, and the hot, angry voice of the cricket is heard again on the land. The British have played cricket since the 18th century, but the Chinese have had cricket matches since the Sung Dynasty, a thousand seasons ago. In the Oriental version, rice-fattened crickets square off and fight to the death.

The Chinese Communists have banned this entomological version of cock fighting, but it is still very big in Macao, the anything-goes Portuguese colony near Hong Kong. Last week the faithful crowded around a yard-square sand-covered table in the Voice of America Club and laid bets ranging from 3¢ to \$40. Each cricket was the pick of his stable. Each had been mated the night before with a selected female cricket, a practice considered sound for fighting crickets.

The match began, as always, with the two judges inspecting the antagonists, which are kept in a ceramic bowl cage with covers of carved teak and red cloth. When all was pronounced ready ("Both you crickets know the rules of the Macao Athletic Commission. Now I don't want no..."), the trainers stepped up, whipped out ivory cases and removed their mouse-whisker brushes. They carefully tickled the crickets' antennae, and the contestants took this, as crickets always do, as an insult. The fight was on. Rubbing forewings together to make the characteristic chirping noise, the crickets circled each other. One bobbed and weaved for an opening, then lunged forward and clamped down on his opponent with two beaverlike front teeth. Amid a multilingual roar of excite-

ment the two contestants whirled, pushed and shoved. Suddenly the bitten cricket slumped to the sand. His trainer sprang into action with the trusty mouse-whisker brush, but it was no go. The judges stopped in and declared a merciful Chinese version of the TKO.

This, with infinite variations, is cricket fighting. Oriental folklore is filled with tales of it. A favorite concerns the cricket seller who was about to deliver a load of first-class crickets to the governor of his province, only to discover his young son had set them all free. The father beat the boy, and the boy ran away from home. The next day, the father could find only one puny cricket, which he shamefacedly presented to the governor. The cricket turned into an unsurpassable champion, and even beat a rooster. At the end of the season the undefeated cricket died, and the cricket seller's boy came home. He told his father that he had been asleep, and he had been dreaming. He dreamed he was a champion cricket.

THE MAIN RUNNER

A Denton, Texas schoolboy dispatched the following letter to Fort Worth City Secretary Roy Bateman:

"If possible please tell me all you can about the way the city government runs. Also please send me a letter telling me just who the main runner is."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The president of Xavier University of Ohio has figured out the perfect football season: equal wins and losses. Said the Rev. Paul L. O'Connor, "If you finish above .500, the NCAA will investigate you. If you finish below .500, the alumni will investigate you." . . . Stanford Coach Jack Curtice describes an opposing football team: "Those guys may be too big to form a huddle." Curtice is working on a supersecret new offensive system which he calls "coach in motion." . . . Green Bay Packer Coach Vince Lombardi is always drumming into his players: "You've got to be mentally tough." The other day he complained to his wife, Marie: "This damn knee of mine is acting up again." Said Mrs. Lombardi: "You've got to be mentally tough." The Lombardis are speaking again, but it took a few days.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TOM CHANNON, 20, 6-foot-6, brown-eyed basketball player from Nashville and star of the Vanderbilt basketball team, was named MVP of the 1948-49 season at Berkeley, Calif.



ROBBIE KILDORNE, 19, 19-year-old son of a Gloucester, Mass. boat builder, missed just two days of three-day local tournament, then won after hole-in-one and a 284-point shaggy.



RONNY THOMAS, 22, was co-champion of Atlantic Coast Conference golf tournament, shot 22-under-par 60 on an eagle and 10 birdies to win Carolina's PGA championship, ahead of the Carrier Open and 2240 at Raleigh, N.C.



IRENE JANE GIER, 19-year-old sophomore at Ohio State and member of Columbus, Ohio, married junior Jerry Lauma, All-American Olympic basketball star, with two of his 1000 basketball games at Clinton Heights Lutheran Church in Columbus.



GLENN APPLE, 22, Dayton, Virginia, was named MVP of the 1948-49 season, won all 18 games to capture his third consecutive singles title and his 36th game without loss in National AAU Basketball Tournament at Dayton.



LES PATTEN, 20-year-old former company manager and impetuous basketball player ("I let the other fellow lose the point"), was named MVP of the 1948-49 season at Spokane, Wash. (see 1948).



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When you're away, use the telephone often—to find out how things are at home—to let them know you're thinking of them.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Keep in touch by Long Distance



PUSHBUTTON FOOTBALL

In the early days of college football the coach gave his team necessary training during the week and on Saturday turned the strategy over to the quarterback, the game over to the players, and simply hoped for the best. It has been a long time since things were all that simple, but until this year there was at least room for some initiative on the part of the actual contestants. Now, with the new "wild card" rule, the coaches have taken the game to the doorway of automation.

Under the rule, the coach can send in any "free" substitute he chooses after each play. The substitute may have an actual job to do, but often his first responsibility is to tell the team what play it is to use next. That has been decid-

ed by the coach, who may be sitting in the press box manipulating his automata by telephone (SI, Sept. 26). The quarterback, once called a "field general," thus becomes something less than a staff sergeant. Before long football may be played by IBM, with coaches pushing buttons.

A reason usually cited for increased coaching control of the college game is the competitive pressure of professional football. They are (or were) different games, and should be. The college game has its own traditions and spirit. It cannot be as good as pro football in a technical sense, but it ought to be, in its own way, as much fun to watch and certainly more fun to play.

Coaches make big money when they win and sometimes get fired when they lose. It is understandable that they should want to control the game. College administrators, accustomed to paying for their whole athletic program out of the proceeds of football, want to win almost as desperately and therefore do not resist the trend. But let them beware. If they permit the game to be played by faceless puppets, instructed via a dull and interminable parade of substitutes, they will lose the money as well as the fun.

DEDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

The Internal Revenue Service has discovered the Daily Double, and horseplayers are planning a Boston Tea Party. One day last week a bureaucrat was sitting in his office dreaming of new taxes when he read in his morning paper that a bettor who had picked six consecutive winners had collected \$9,382.30 for \$2 at the Lincoln Downs, R.I. race track. The IRS announced that all payments of \$600 or more in any taxable year had to be reported by the payee. The order went out promptly from Washington to all tracks in the country to record identification of such exceptionally lucky people before giving them their money.

The points to be made about this silly administrative order are:

1) It will be impossible to enforce. A man who wins \$600 with a \$10 ticket is likely in the future to buy five separate \$2 tickets, so he can win \$120 five times (untaxed). If he wins \$600

with a \$2 bet, he may produce four friends who will agree that each was betting 40¢ and only winning one fifth of the pot.

2) Some tracks can blame themselves. If they worked at improving the sport instead of vying with each other at spreading misleading and amoral get-rich-quick stories, they would not have caught the eye of the tax men.

3) The Internal Revenue Service graciously says that if you lose as much money at a track as you win in any taxable year, you can charge off that loss—but no more. The burden of proof is put entirely on you, and losing tickets are not accepted even as prima-facie evidence. You have to show by admission tickets, transportation vouchers and bank withdrawals that you are a bona fide, losing horseplayer.

The Internal Revenue people defend their action by saying, "We don't make the laws, we just apply them." Well, this is a law they have not been applying for years, and we suggest they go right back to not applying it some more.

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"BEAT 'EM, BUCS"

The battle cry of a city and a team has become reality with the first Pirate pennant in 33 years. Here are the reasons Sports Illustrated believes the Bucs will win the Series, too

by ROY TERRELL

THE opening line on the 1960 World Series has established the Yankees as 5 to 7 favorites, a set of figures which could spread destruction among the nation's bookmakers long before the second week in October has passed. There is nothing particularly complicated about the reasoning behind this formula for bankruptcy. The habits of childhood are strong and all bookies remember at least fragments of an old rule which says Never Bet Against Joe Louis, Notre Dame or the Yankees.

While admitting that Joe Louis and Notre Dame seem to be in a slump, the odds-makers simply figure that 1) the Yankees are still the Yankees, and you do not bet against them in a World Series, and 2) who are the Pittsburgh Pirates, anyhow?

There are only a couple of miscalculations here. First, the Yankees are

not still the Yankees, at least not the Yankees of old, and they haven't been for some time. Betting against them in the last four Series in which they took part would not have cost you a cent; the best the Yankees could do was split, and with the odds you would have made money. Today their pitching is shaky and their hitting erratic; only superior power and a weak league, which the Yankees were a long way from dominating, enabled them to sneak through.

The way they have finished has been very impressive, of course, beginning with the four-game sweep over Baltimore and continuing through the series last week with Washington and the Red Sox. While all eyes were on the Yankees, however, hardly anyone noticed that the Pirates were just as hot, as long as they had to be. In five days they swept three double-headens, mathematically eliminating Milwaukee from the pennant race and making a

little less the Braves' brave talk about what would happen when they finally caught the Pirates for six big games in the last 10 days.

Under no compulsion to keep driving, the Pirates then eased up against Milwaukee, a team they had defeated 11 times in 16 previous games, and lost three straight to the Braves last weekend. On Friday they pitched George Will, who had been in only nine other games all year. On Saturday they lost to Lou Burdette for the first time, and on Sunday Eddie Matthews beat them with a home run. But the Cardinals were losing, too, and on Sunday night the Pirates had their first pennant in 33 years.

It was not the way the Pirates wanted to win, but it was foolish to say that they had backed in. They had coasted in, quietly, while everyone was watching the Yankees. The Pirates opened a case of champagne they had been carrying around for days and drank it thankfully. It

continued

ROSTEROUS BUC Dick Stuart lets out loud whoop of joy after Pirate victory.

Photograph by Art Shatz



AS PIRATE PRESIDENT JOHN GALBREATH WATCHES, GROAT TESTS INJURED ARM

WORLD SERIES continued

was a strange way for a National League pennant race to end, no fireworks, no excitement. Perhaps for too long it had been a foregone conclusion that the Pirates were going to win.

What others in the National League realized some time ago—that the Pirates were a fine baseball team that was not going to fold—the rest of the country has been strangely reluctant to accept. The Pirates are battling almost 10 points higher than any team in baseball, almost 20 points higher than the Yankees. They have no weaknesses, except perhaps a preference for singles over home runs, and they possess incredible quantities of determination and spirit and poise. They have become the sentimental favorites of a baseball-loving nation; on the streets and store fronts and automobile bumpers of Pittsburgh, signs of "Beat 'em, Bum!" in the black and gold Pirate colors have been urging the team on to victory. Yet outside of Pittsburgh and the other National League cities in which they play, hardly anyone is convinced even now that the Pirates are for real.

Most of this attitude stems from what happened in 1959, when they disappointed so many people. In 1958 the Pirates finished second, passing

the weary Giants in the last two months of the season and chasing Milwaukee to a pennant. It was apparent then that Pittsburgh had a sound ball club, built with such care by Branch Rickey and Joe Brown, molded through succeeding stages of development by four managers, each contributing something to the process: Billy Meyer, Fred Haney, Bobby Bragan and Danny Murtaugh. With the breaks, they might have won in '59; instead the breaks all went the other way and they finished fourth. Bob Skinner was hurt; Roberto Clemente was out almost half the season with an injured arm; Bob Friend and Bill Mazeroski were overweight in the spring and had miserable seasons; Dick Groat had one of those off years. A glimpse of the quality that was there, however, came in August when the Pirates moved up to within three games of the league lead. A tip-off of what to expect in 1960 was Pittsburgh's record in the close ones: 19 extra-inning wins against two losses, 38 victories in 52 one-run games.

This year everything broke just right. The Pirates, individually, profited from their mistakes of 1959 and, until Groat was hurt with the pennant virtually assured, even injuries stayed away. And the Pirates never failed to take advantage of this blessing by fate. Day after day they won

ball games with tight pitching and clutch hitting, winning them in the late innings, winning them in extra innings, never quitting, beating the good pitchers and the good teams.

The Pirates have two superb starting pitchers in Vernon Law and Bob Friend, two others who have done well in Wilmer Mizell and Harvey Haddix, and perhaps the best relief man in all baseball, Elroy Face, who is backed up by Clem Labine and Fred Green. Mizell, Haddix and Green throw left, Law, Friend, Face and Labine throw right. These are outstanding players at third base (Don Hoak), shortstop (Groat), left and right field (Skinner and Clemente). At second Bill Mazeroski is a genius at the double play. And by regularly platooning left- and right-hand hitters at catcher (Smokey Burgess and Hal Smith), first base (Rocky Nelson and Dick Stuart) and center field (Bill Virden and Gino Cimoli), Murtaugh has employed his rather thin bench in a much more efficient way than managers who consider it only as a hiding place for pinch hitters.

The theory that Pittsburgh's big weakness was infield reserves exploded when Groat was hurt. Dick Schofield came in to play shortstop and for three weeks hit over .400. If Groat had been injured earlier, Schofield might be a candidate for the Most Valuable Player award.

Actually, Groat should be ready by the time the Series begins. He kept his legs in shape throughout the month-long layoff and last weekend began to swing a bat. At first he could only bat in pepper games, but as the dormant muscles loosened and some of the aches went away, Groat said, "I'll be able to play." This is important to the Pirates, even more than the .325 batting average, for Dick Groat is one of the fighters.

There is fight all through this ball club, a powerful compulsion to win. Hoak, who is called Tiger by his teammates, never lets the Pirates forget that they are going to win; he started talking this way in spring training and has never stopped. No one ever seems to get Hoak or Groat out when a rally starts. Skinner is not having one of his big years according to the averages, but he has been a remarkable clutch hitter, winning games after game with a big hit, and he has batted in almost as many runs as Mickey Mantle, Burgess and Hal

Smith, and, on occasion, others, have proved themselves capable of the same type of fierce competitive skill; when Clemente is hot, he is very, very hot. And always, behind the starting pitchers, there is Face, warming up day after day in the bullpen, ready to come in and break somebody's heart. The Yankees have not seen any ball club this year like the Pittsburgh Pirates.

What little they have seen of the Pirates should not breed overconfidence among the Yankee hitters. In the two All-Star Games, Friend, Law and Face pitched a total of 7 1/4 in-

nings against an American League lineup loaded with Yankees. The Pirates pitchers gave up no runs and only two hits. Friend won the first game, striking out Mays and Skowron, Law won the second. The Yankees depend heavily upon the home run, particularly at the Stadium where the short right-field line beckons seductively to the Yankee array of right-field hitters; still, the second All-Star Game was played in Yankee Stadium and nobody bombed Pirate pitching there. The Yankees are not going to bomb Pirate pitching in huge old Forbes Field, either, where no

one gets very gay with the home run.

The 1960 World Series is going to be won by singles hit to the opposite field and by tight pitching and the sacrifice bunt and sharp defense and the refusal to quit. The Yankees have some of these things, the Pirates have them all. It should be an interesting Series, maybe even a good one, but so one should count on seeing a seventh game; the Pirates will win in six, maybe even five—no matter what the bookmakers said. The Pirates have been ignoring the odds all year.

TURN PAGE FOR SERIES CRITIQUE

IT WAS 'BEAT 'EM, YANKEES' IN '27

Last time the Pirates played in a World Series it was their misfortune to run into the most famous baseball team of all time. The 1927 Pirates had won the pennant by beating out John McGraw's Giants and the Cardinals, who had defeated the Yankees in the Series the year before, and they had wonderful players in Pie Traynor, Glenn Wright and the two Waner boys. But the Yankees had Ruth and Gehrig, Corbbs and Meusel,

Koenig and Lammert, Dagen, Collins, Penneck, Figgins, Hoyt and Moore. The Yankees won four straight. The only one-sided game, however, was the third, when Gehrig hit a double and a triple and Ruth a home run. Here, as Earle Corbbs crosses the plate behind Pirate Catcher Johnny Gooden and Mark Koenig races down the line, a capless Gehrig slumps around third, trying to stretch his triple. Gehrig was thrown out, but the Yankees won 8-1.



WORLD SERIES ANALYSIS



PITCHER FRIEND



PITCHER GIARRAS



THIRD BASEMAN HOAK



CATCHER BERRA



OUTFIELDER CLEMENTE



FIRST BASEMAN SKOWRON



SECOND BASEMAN MAZONOSKI



SECOND BASEMAN RICHARDSON

HITTING

This Series will pit the home run against the single to the opposite field. The Yankees have the power (and the glory): three of them—Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle and Bill Skowron—hit more home runs this season than the entire Pirate starting lineup. But the Pirates hit so many singles they equaled the Yankees in run production. The Pirates are masters at what Broadcaster Mel Allen likes to call "riding the curve to right": right-handed batters Don Hoak, Roberto Clemente, Gino Cimoli and Dick Groat (if his recently broken wrist is sufficiently healed) do it well. There are some Yankees who can do it too, of course, just as there are Pirates who can hit home runs. Bobby Richardson, Hector Lopez and Gil McDougald are good right-field hitters; Pittsburgh's Dick Stuart can hit a baseball as far as anyone. And the Pirate left-handed hitters—Rocky Nelson, Smokey Burgess and Bob Skinner—may make use of the short right field at Yankee Stadium. Certainly the Yankees themselves do, and not just the left-handed ones. A majority of the Yankee right-hand hitters can reach those seats as well—Skowron, Mantle (when he is switched that way), Lopez, Elston Howard and even Clete Beyer. Yankee pinch-hitting is powerful too. If the Yankees fall behind, Casey Stengel will insert a barrage of heavy hitters: Bob Cerv, Howard (or Yogi Berra, if Howard is the starting catcher that day), John Blanchard and Dale Long, once the toast of Pittsburgh. Danny Murtagh cannot do this. If he starts his right-handed lineup (Stuart, Cimoli and Smith) he can use Nelson, Bill Virdon and Burgess as pinch hitters, or vice versa, but the rest of his reserves are weak.

SLIGHT EDGE TO YANKEES

A detailed comparison of the hitting, fielding and pitching skills of the two pennant winners, along with a discussion of probable managerial strategies, as evaluated by Staff Writer Walter Bingham

PITCHING

The two off-days will permit Pittsburgh's strong right-handers, Vernon Law and Bob Friend, to start five and perhaps even six games between them, just as the Burdette-Spahn combo did for Milwaukee three autumns ago. Both men have pitched magnificently this season. A left-hander, either Wilmer Mizell or Harvey Haddix, will start game three, the first one in Yankee Stadium. Left-handers have been effective against the Yankees this season, so it is possible that if Mizell, say, beats the Yankees in the third game, Haddix will pitch the fourth. When any of these starters gets in trouble, Elroy Face will appear from the bullpen. Also available for relief will be Fred Green and Joe Gibben, left-handers, and a face very familiar to old Yankees, Clem Labine.

Left-hander Whitey Ford is still the Yankees' best, but he is no longer the game's best. He requires four days rest between starts, so it is doubtful if he can pitch more than twice during the Series. Art Ditmar has been the Yankees' big winner this season and he will probably start the second game. After Ditmar comes problems. Stengel has a parade of pitchers as inconsistent as butterflies. Ralph Terry pitched two straight shutouts recently, but earlier, in one spectacularly ineffective stretch, he gave up 11 hits to 13 batters. Bob Turley seems too careful these days and is not the man who beat the Braves two years ago. Bill Stafford was pitching for Richmond in August. He has shown confidence and a good fast ball. Stengel also has Jim Coates, Bill Grah, Ryno Duren and Duke Maas, righties, and Left-handers Bobby Shantz and Luis Arroyo. The way Stengel wheels and deals, all will probably see action.

FIELDING

Position by position, the Yankees and Pirates are as similar as any two teams in the majors. Stast, on his good days, is only an adequate first baseman. Nelson is more polished. Skowron falls somewhere in between. Richardson and Maseroli are as good a pair of second basemen as ever made a pivot. Perhaps Kubek is not as sure at shortstop as Groat is, but in seven games the difference should not be important. If Groat cannot play, Schofield will not hurt a bit, mechanically, though the Pirates will miss Groat's leadership on the field. New York fans believe Clete Boyer can play third base as well as anybody—which is the way Pittsburgh feels about Hoak. Both are excellent. If Gil McDougald, a veteran of seven Series, plays third, the Yankees will lose a little defensively.

Neither Lopen nor Skinner makes his manager happy with his fielding. Skinner will have the unhappy experience of playing Yankee Stadium's eerie left-field shadows for the first time. Lopen is familiar with the shadows, but that still doesn't seem to help him much. If the Yankees are leading by a couple of runs in the late innings, Stengel will remove Lopen and switch Kubek to left, thereby starting a chain reaction that often puts Boyer at short, Richardson at third and McDougald at second. Casey loves to juggle. The other outfielders, Mantle against Virdon (or Cinsoli) in center, Maris against Clemente is right, are all good. Clemente is the best, with speed and a powerful arm.

The Yankees, with Berra and Howard, have stronger catching than the Pirates, with Burgess and Smith. Neither team steals many bases, so the catchers will not be under great pressure.

SUM-UP

Groat is the question mark, the Pirate escape clause. When a man hitting .525 breaks a wrist, can he pick up where he left off just four weeks later? Though Schofield has proved a capable substitute, the Pirates' chances will diminish if Groat's leadership is lost for the Series or if his wrist causes him to play poorly.

Some things are certain. The number 37 on Stengel's back will be more in evidence than Murtaugh's 49. It is a good bet that he will tregue out to the mound about twice as often as Murtaugh. Yankee pitchers, about to be relieved, will glance toward heaven as Casey approaches. One can guess what they are thinking, but Stengel doesn't care. He wants to win, and if he feels that the left-hander in the bullpen is the man he needs to get the next batter out, the left-hander in the bullpen will come in.

One reason why Murtaugh will be comparatively quiet (though any manager who opposes Stengel automatically becomes comparatively quiet) is that he has more confidence in his top pitchers, Law and Friend, and rightly so. But he also has fewer bench men to juggle about. Murtaugh is more likely to go through an entire game with one of his two set lineups. That is the way he won the pennant.

Anyone who has followed the adventures of the Pirates knows the miracles they can brew late in the game. They are fighters—Hoak, Skinner, Groat, all of them. They have balance, a happy blend of hitting, pitching, and fielding, and this is important. Even more important is the Pirates' spirit, the confidence the players have in one another. It helped them win the pennant and it should help them beat the Yankees.

DEFINITE EDGE TO PIRATES

EVEN STEPHEN

PIRATES TO BEAT YANKEES

A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER IN HIS POCKET

Eddie Arcaro carried a good luck charm into the starting gate, and he won the Woodward with Sword Dancer. But don't jump to any obvious conclusions

by WHITNEY TOWER

ON HER WAY to the paddock at Aqueduct last week to see her handsome colt, Sword Dancer, saddled before the running of the Woodward, Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloan was stopped by a teen-age girl. "Please give this four-leaf clover to Eddie Arcaro," she said. "I want Sword Dancer to win."

When Mrs. Sloan gave the good luck charm to Arcaro he cracked, "Hell, after all these years if I start getting superstitious about this game you'd better find me a psychiatrist." But he slipped the clover into his pocket.

As it turned out, what really helped Sword Dancer in the Woodward was another one of those masterful rides by Arcaro himself, who is never better than when the stakes are high and the opposition formidable.

This time he brought Sword Dancer from next to last in the seven-horse field and won going away. A length and a half behind was Dotted Swiss. Favored Bold Eagle, which had only to win this race to be acclaimed the best of all horses in training, was third. Sword Dancer, winner of this same race last season as a 3-year-old, broke his own track mark with a clocking of 2:01 1/5 and set himself up for Horse of the Year honors for the second successive season.

From the beginning, the mile-and-a-quarter Woodward had every aspect of a championship test, not only because of the horses involved but the

THE MASTER describes his winning ride (left) with typical Arcaro intensity.



jockeys as well. In addition to Arcaro, there were Willie Shoemaker, Bill Hartack, Manuel Ycaza, Sammy Boulmetis and even that hot young man from the Chicago circuit, Johnny Sellers. With the late-developing 3-year-old, T.V. Lark, Sellers had come to New York after winning five straight, including the United Nations, in which an unlucky Sword Dancer was among his victims. Before the race Sellers said, "Imagine what a feeling it is when you've ridden a horse five times and have never seen him lose—especially when four of those were in \$100,000 races!"

On Saturday, Sellers discovered how things look from the other end of the pack. He beat one horse, Warhead, by a neck.

With all the real contenders in this race running on a come-from-behind strategy, it seemed logical that the long shots, Careless John and Warhead, would set the pace. And sure enough, the two of them took right off, joined briefly by Tompion. But Bald Eagle was up close and Dotted Swiss never very far away.

Sword Dancer was way back, only leading T.V. Lark, as the field went up the backstretch. "But at least," said Arcaro later, "I had the position and the privilege of going where and when I wanted to." What he meant, of course, was that as the field hit the half-mile pole he wasn't trapped and he had time enough to go either around everything in front of him or through the middle if he got a break.

Well, he got two breaks, and he took advantage of them like a tiger among sheep. The first, at the three-eighths pole, came when Tompion, tired and falling back just ahead of Sword Dancer, drifted out. Eddie drove Sword Dancer through on the inside and saved himself a nice piece of ground.

As they rounded the last turn at the quarter pole, Careless John was still in front. Bald Eagle was closest to him—and looked a sure winner. Dotted Swiss was just a head away on the outside. A weary Warhead was behind these three, and it was around him that Sword Dancer had to move before he could challenge the leaders.

Arcaro started working on his horse. He circled Warhead and fanned the trio in front of him driving home the last eighth of a mile. Suddenly Bald Eagle seemed to give up the struggle, and as he started to run loosely he went over so slightly wide. A hole opened up, and Eddie Arcaro put his horse right into it.

Arcaro got through just beyond the eighth pole and, as he did, Dotted Swiss, on the outside, came in slightly. Sword Dancer and Dotted Swiss put the squeeze on Bald Eagle, and he never made a run at them again. Dotted Swiss fought on gamely, but the race was over and Sword Dancer won it with a show of class and determination that marks all too few of the species Thoroughbred.

In winning a \$71,730 purse the beautiful chestnut pushed his lifetime earnings to \$818,599, which makes him the seventh richest horse in history and the richest of any horse now in training. He also won a new nickname from Arcaro: "He's a little Giant Killer. That's the only name I can think of for him."

END

HOW ARCARO DID IT

Sword Dancer unquestionably is a fine horse, but he was first in the Woodward because Arcaro combined patience with perfect, split-second judgment. Arcaro waited not a step of his mount's energy for a long mile, then struck at the precise moment when victory was attainable. An instant of indecision and the race might well have been lost. As he describes it: "At the quarter pole (below left) I was faced with the problem of going around three horses in front of me unless a hole opened. Driving down to the eighth pole, I looked up and saw that Bald Eagle was beginning to over cut just a bit. I dare take that hole between him and Careless John (below right) as quick as I could. You're got to have a real horse to be able to make in that quick. Sword Dancer had gone a long way, but he still had terrific speed left. If he didn't we would have been in trouble."

- 1 Tompion
- 2A Dotted Swiss
- 3 Sword Dancer
- 4 Careless John
- 5 Warhead
- 6 Bald Eagle
- 7 T.V. Lark



AL AND KINGPETCH OF SIAM

Pone Kingpetch retained his flyweight title last week, to the intense satisfaction of a rough-hewn graduate of Stillman's Gym who taught Thailand how to fight

by JAMES MURRAY

BACK around the time of the American Civil War, a king of Siam sent to England for a governor for his children, a gentlewoman named Anna Leonowens whose story has been celebrated in the book *Anna and the King of Siam* and the Broadway and Hollywood musical *The King and I*.

In 1955 the king of Siam, now Thailand, sent to America—to Los Stillman's Eighth Avenue boxing gym, to be exact—for an instructor of another sort, a prizefighter trainer to indoctrinate the youth of his country in the arts and mysteries of the prize ring, Western style.

It is unlikely that the romance of Al Silvani's trip to Thailand will ever inspire any Broadway musicals, although he did write a book, a manual on the virtues of the left jab and the body punch as keys to victory. For all that, Al, a dough-handed, broad-backed ex-pug, who learned his trade by training brawlers Tami Mauriello, Rocky Graziano and Jake La Motta, lacks the grace and elegance and general background of the gentle Anna. Al, in plain truth, did not even know where Thailand was when the summons came, or, for that matter, who was king.

But Al's trip and his tenure in the glacial monarchy were not without their own sort of success, a success dramatically underscored last week in the half-filled Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. There one of the beneficiaries of the Silvani system of mod-

ern mayhem, a sleek Thai youth with the jawbreaking name of Mana Seadoagboh and a ring nom de plume, equally hard to lay a glove on, of Pone Kingpetch, consolidated his claim to be Thailand's first bona fide, undisputed boxing champion of the world. Kingpetch (the name is derived from a camp where he trained in his native land, and the surname of Pone signifies the flight of an eagle) scored a technical knockout over former champion Pascual Perez, a venerable slugger from the province of Mendoza in Argentina.

Kingpetch had lifted the title from Perez in April. But that was in Bangkok, and on a split decision. The Thai judge involved had voted for Kingpetch. The Argentine judge, naturally, had voted for Perez. It was boxing's Roosevelt, the ubiquitous Nat Fleischer, editor of *The Ring* magazine, who cast the deciding ballot—for Kingpetch. Since Nat was, in effect, the guest of Thailand at the time, the supposition could be pardoned that the vote was at least in part simple good manners. At any rate, the issue of Kingpetch's superiority was still in doubt.

There was no doubt after seven rounds of action at the Olympic. The fight was as one-sided as a Castro rally. Referee Mushy Callahan's action in stopping it was that of a man who flags down a train a mile before it gets to a broken bridge. Callahan stopped it not so much because Perez

was badly beaten but because he was going to be.

Perez, a sallow, blue-jawed little man, both of whose parents emigrated from Spain to Argentina, had had high hopes of regaining his title. It was his insistence alone which had located the fight in "neutral" Los Angeles. Los Angeles was neutral almost to the point of being blank, and barely 5,000 struggled into the arena to see a bout which would have drawn upward of 30,000 in either Bangkok or Buenos Aires. Perez explained he was willing to suffer financial sacrifice to get unbiased officiating.

But when the match started Perez came out of his corner in the manner of a man who intends to make both judges and referees superfluous. He clearly aimed to score a quick knockout. Shorter than his Thai opponent by seven inches (Perez is less than five feet tall, and Kingpetch, at 5 feet 6½ inches, is the tallest flyweight champion in history), Perez tried to leap over the outthrust left jab of the champion to score with round-house hooks and crosses.

Al's way

Tutor Silvani, who never directly taught Kingpetch but who inculcated a belief in the left hand as the ultimate weapon ("They were right-hand-crazy down there, you know what I mean? And they couldn't hit with it, even") and who taught the men who taught Kingpetch how to move, how to slip a punch, how to press an opponent and the other skills of a tough trade, was not satisfied with Kingpetch's early strategy. "He should keep Perez pressed," he growled from time to time. "Them old guys you got to press. The legs give out on them first, and they give out worse going back."

Kingpetch at first seemed more rattled by his environment than by Perez. The arena was loaded with Mexicans and Mexican-Americans (the undercard was salted with local neighborhood Latino favorites), and they quickly identified with Perez. A delegation from Argentina took up the peculiar chanted, bullfight type of cheering often affected by Latin-American crowds, and it was not until well into the middle of the third round that a row of Negro fans, in a spirit of fair play, undertook to hurl countercouragement to Kingpetch. Their noisy urging, ornamented by



KINGPETCH (RIGHT) USED SIX-INCH HEIGHT ADVANTAGE TO WEAR DOWN TINY PEREZ

miners ("C'mon, Kingfish, ya got 'im hangin'"), or "Work on 'at eye, Kingpin"), ultimately encouraged the small, shy delegation of Thai students and their girl friends, who had sat in awed silence for a few rounds, to open up, and by mid-fight the auditorium was a multilingual hallel of high excitement.

The language barrier may have hastened the end of the fight. In Kingpetch's corner were three eager but rattled Thai handlers, led by his manager, Thong Thos Intratrat, a pharmacist in his native land, whose grasp of English, fragile at best, was hopelessly shattered in the cacophony at ringside. In Perez' corner no one spoke enough English to ask for a streetcar transfer. When Roboree Callahan came to the handlers between rounds seven and eight to advise them that he proposed to stop the fight unless Perez began to throw more punches, no one, including Perez, had the faintest idea of what the hell he was talking about.

Perez' manager, Lazaro Koci, an Albanian-turned-Argentinian and an antique dealer whose most valuable antique has been Perez, was clearly astonished when the fight was halted at 2:33 of the eighth round. But so, for that matter, were Kingpetch's green handlers. They jumped with

dismay as the referee pulled Kingpetch off Perez and escorted Perez to his corner. They seemed quite positive that some form of unforeseen infraction had occurred and that the referee and "neutral" city were out to restore the championship to a thoroughly beaten Perez.

Father image

Fortunately, Thailand's Father of Boxing ("That's what they call me—I'm kind of like George Washington in boxing there"), Al Silvani, was on hand, suited up, at ringside. "They only allow three men in the corner, but I'm here in case the fighter gets out, ya know?" he explained at the opening bell.

Al had demonstrated some disgust at the uncertain techniques of the Thai handlers ("Get that stool up on the ring apron," he would scream as the timekeeper struck the ring floor to indicate 10 seconds remaining in a round). He had leaped from his seat several times during the fight to give advice to Manager Thong Thos. And now it was Al who bawled out an explanation of the fight's abrupt end and shoved Kingpetch's handlers up into the ring.

"Get in there!" he screamed. "Your boy's won! They've stopped the fight!"

Even then it was some minutes before Kingpetch himself perceived that all was well. Once convinced, he took to bounding around the ring, hands clasped prayerfully and head bowed, to acknowledge the applause of the crowd.

The now undisputed champion of all the flyweights is an earnest, shy youth (he turns his back to undress in his locker room before and after fights) who once studied for the Buddhist priesthood and was actually ordained before forsaking the temple for the ring. He explained that he became a priest at the behest of his grandmother, who was interested in the notion of sins granted those whose sons or grandsons enter the priesthood. However, he quickly added, his grandmother cheerfully sacrificed her guarantee of salvation when he chose boxing.

In a land where fighting with the feet is more commonplace than the Marquess of Queensberry variety, Kingpetch has never fought any way except Western style. "There is no opportunity to become famous all over the world in Thai fighting," he said.

He also said that he might move up into the bantamweight division. Even finely trained, he barely came in under the 122-pound limit against Perez. There is the further consideration that in this day of the full dinner pail there are fewer and fewer areas of the world where men grow small enough to qualify as flyweights. One of these places is Japan, where Kingpetch's next defense will most likely be made. After that he will await an NBA elimination tournament for a successor to the retired bantam titleholder, José Beersma. He will challenge the survivor.

Meanwhile, his clear-cut ascendancy leaves boxing firmly in the clutches of the pure in heart. A Moroccan elder is midweight champion; a convert to Catholicism is heavyweight champion; a sometime Buddhist priest is flyweight champion. There is no bantamweight champion but, with the trend the way it is in the manly art these days, chances are he will be someone who is good to his grandmother, takes up the collection in church, needs a passport to travel in the U.S.—and who owes his success to the secrets his mentor learned in long, blasphemous afternoons in Sullivan's Gym.

END

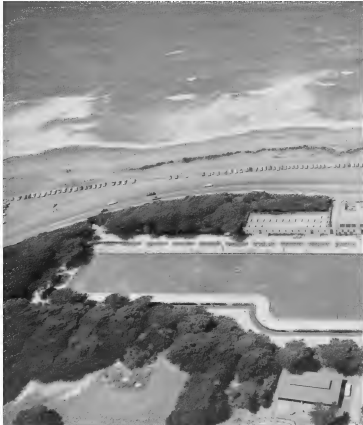




High Game

Photograph by Larry Sherman

The day's bag dangling from his helicopter, King Hussein (right, in cockpit) whisks triumphantly back from a royal hunt in the southern reaches of Jordan. A highly practical sportsman, Hussein shot the gazelles from the air with a fully automatic military rifle. Later, he had them for lunch.

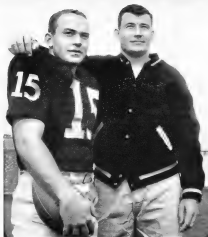


Pool of Pride

Photograph by Harry Bell



If a swimming pool represents status, as some believe, San Francisco need dip its head to no other city. Big enough to float a fleet of small boats, its Fleishhacker Pool, 1,000 feet long and 100 feet wide at its narrowest part, is certainly the world's largest. Alas, the pool lies in San Francisco's chilling fog belt, hence attendance is apt to be slim. But officials insist the pool is a public service well worth the \$40,000 the city loses on it each year.



YOUTHFUL "ESPRIT" IS DISPLAYED BY SCHLOREDT AND OWENS (COMBINED AGE: 52)

ONE EYE ON THE ROSE BOWL

by ALFRED WRIGHT

A half-blind quarterback, Bob Schloredt, may again lead Jim Owens' Huskies into Pasadena

TIME after time in last week's scrimmages, University of Washington football players bounced out of their huddle, clapped their hands in unison and yelped and whooped at one another as they sprinted into their wing T formations. Then, for an instant, they fell completely silent as Quarterback Bob Schloredt squatted behind the center and began to intone the signals for the com-

ing play. His head swiveled from side to side as he called the cadence, shoulders heaving with the rhythm of his voice. At the climax of the call, the center snapped the ball and the Washington team exploded into action. Bob Schloredt handled the football with authority and poise. Sometimes he simply handed it off or pitched it out to one of the running backs. Sometimes, moving around end on an option play, he abruptly tucked the ball under his arm and set off down-field as if he were late for a train. Sometimes he faded back and calmly watched his receivers spread

out across the field while the third team charged in on him.

Last season this solid, 195-pound 6-footer directed the Washington team to its first Rose Bowl appearance in 16 years and to an astonishing one-sided 44-8 victory over Wisconsin. Lacking an adequate replacement throughout most of the season, Schloredt had to play all the major games virtually without relief. The Associated Press picked him as the All-America quarterback on its first team, and West Coast sportswriters rated him above such headlines as Dick Norman of Stanford and Keith Lincoln of Washington State.

The fantastic aspect of this success story is that Bob Schloredt plays the most difficult position in football with practically no vision at all in his left eye. The fact that he is a one-eyed quarterback on one of the best college teams in the country is a source of amazement to almost everybody but Schloredt himself. A number of distinguished ophthalmologists have tried to explain Schloredt's skill at protecting himself against players approaching from his all-but-blind left side, and his ability to throw long and accurate passes without benefit of normal depth perception. Their explanations seldom have agreed and usually have been intelligible only to various other ophthalmologists.

As far as Schloredt himself is concerned, his unique talent seems quite natural. "I don't know what I do," he will tell you. "Some people say that I kind of swing my head back and forth, but if I do I'm not aware of it. Anyway, I don't think I have any blind spot on my left. And as far as judging distance goes, I just throw the ball at the receiver, and it seems to go where I want it to. I've been this way since I was 7 years old, when another kid and I were fooling around with firecrackers. We stuck one in a glass jar, and when it exploded a piece of glass struck my left eye and scared it. Ever since, I've hardly been able to see anything on that side. But my folks never made anything of it, and I always did everything the other kids were doing, and it didn't seem to bother me. Maybe I just got used to it."

Whatever the explanation, the rest

continued



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of the teams on the West Coast, and Navy, which Washington plays this week, should be grateful that Schloredt doesn't have two good eyes, considering what he can do with only one. Although Schloredt is not the kind of flashy T quarterback who leads the statistics, he fits snugly into the hard specifications of Coach Jim Owens' muscular, crunching kind of attack. "Bob is a really fine athlete," Owens says, "and he can do just about everything on the football field well. First of all, he likes the contact part of it. There isn't a harder tackler on the team, and I could use him as a linebacker if I had to. He's big and strong, and although he isn't unusually fast he's a very good runner. He's improved his passing terrifically, and he's a very fine kicker. He may not have any one great specialty, but I'll tell you that if I were a pro coach I'd hire him just to have him on my team."

Owens, like most others who have watched Schloredt play, has been particularly impressed with his knack for coming up with the play that saves the day. He did it on defense in last year's Oregon game, intercepting an Oregon pass on his own goal line in the closing minutes with Washington ahead 13-12 and running the ball out 10 yards to save the game. He did it in the Rose Bowl against Wisconsin. When a Washington offensive drive bogged down, he called a run instead of a punt on fourth down. The play worked and it preserved the momentum that brought Washington its lopsided victory.

"Bob's not afraid to take a chance," one of his teammates said when trying to describe what it is about Schloredt that lifts him so far above the ordinary. "And the team respects him for it. The boys believe in him."

Strange as it may seem now, Schloredt might still be a relatively obscure player on Washington's championship team were it not for an accident in the opening game against Colorado last year. All through his sophomore year Schloredt had understudied Bob Hivner, a classmate who had had a year's junior college experience. Hivner broke a finger on his passing hand early in the Colorado game and couldn't play again until the season was almost over. By the time Hivner returned to service,

Schloredt had established a permanent lien on the assignment.

The major difference between Schloredt as a sophomore and as a junior was his passing. Throughout the summer vacation Schloredt practiced throwing a specially made heavy ball to neighborhood volunteers in his home town of Gresham, Ore., a suburb of Portland. By the time he returned to the campus, he could throw long, light passes that receivers caught easily. "It seems to get there just as quickly as the harder pass," Schloredt says, "but the receivers say it sticks to their fingers better."

Schloredt can appraise his play with the detachment of a punter-baker. Recently someone asked him to compare himself with Hivner, and he replied matter-of-factly: "I'm a little faster than Hivner, so I've got an advantage over him running with the ball. He throws a better short pass than I do, but I've got a little better long pass. I can punt a little better than he can, and I weigh about 30 pounds more than he does, so I've got an advantage on defense."

Well liked and unbooby

There is nothing even slightly offensive when Schloredt talks like this. He is just trying to give the best possible answer to a serious question. One of the reasons he is so popular among his teammates (at the end of last season they voted the honorary title of co-captain to both him and Halfback Don McKeta) is his lack of swagger. "You'd never figure him for a quarterback," happily proclaimed one of the many Seattle alumni who cultivate the friendship of Washington football players as eagerly as actors chase publicity.

For a young fellow who aspired to be a quarterback on a major college football team, Robert Severy Schloredt picked a good family to be born into. His father, Robert Lee Schloredt, was a grade-school teacher in Deadwood, S. Dak. when Bob arrived on the scene. The older Schloredt always devoted his nonclassroom hours to coaching the school football and baseball teams, so young Bob grew up in an atmosphere where both schoolbooks and athletics were important, and his father guided him successfully in both directions.

The family eventually migrated to Gresham, where Schloredt grew into

continued



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HUSKIES continue

a big, hard-muscled boy who was both a good student and an all-state quarterback. Probably because of his bad eye, few of the large western universities courted Schlerdt's services as a football player. Until he got some feelers from one of Jim Owens' Washington scouts, he always figured he would go to nearby Oregon, having been an admirer of Norm Van Brocklin, Oregon's outstanding contribution to the world of quarterbacking. However, as Schlerdt now recalls, "When I saw the Washington campus I knew I'd like to go to school there, and I'm sure glad I did. It's a good place to get an education." Unlike so many All-America players, that's just what Schlerdt is doing, having chosen to major in a pedestrian course.

The case of Bob Schlerdt is symptomatic of the new way of football at Washington, but it is not the reason for its success. The major credit must go to Jim Owens, a very large product of Oklahoma City. When Owens took over the football chair at Washington in 1957, things couldn't have been much worse. For years the downtown Seattle alumni and quasi alumni, among the most misguided football zealots anywhere, had been buying players like produce and keeping them handomely stocked with convertibles and other perquisites commensurate with their touchdown talents. The university finally decided to clean house, but not before it was placed in athletic quarantine by the NCAA.

During the first year of reform Darnell Royal was the coach, but he didn't like it much in Seattle and defected to ripe football fields of Texas. When Washington's new athletic director showed up with 30-year-old Jim Owens as the replacement, everyone asked, logically enough, "Who's he?" The answer was that Owens had played football for Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma, spent a year as a professional for the old Baltimore Colts and then signed on as an assistant coach with Bear Bryant, first at Kentucky, then at Texas A&M. Both Wilkinson and Bryant had advised Washington that there was no more promising coach available than Owens.

After three years of Jim Owens, the feckle Seattle alumni now rate him on an approximate level with the peak of Mt. Rainier. His first achievement

was to bring to Washington a bunch of enthusiastic athletes who were bright enough to survive the university's increasingly stiff academic requirements. Unlike his predecessors, he found most of them in the high schools and junior colleges of the Northwest, not in the talent pens of southern California and the Middle West.

Big hopes for slim men

One of Owens' ingenious contributions to the art of recruiting has been the discovery of the gawky tall man, who is likely to be overlooked while in high school. Owens, who is 6 feet 4 inches himself and weighs a solid 220 pounds, knows that if these string beans are fed well and properly conditioned they often grow into more impressive specimens than chunkier types who push them around in their adolescent years. The Washington football team now looks as if it were trying to make the stepladder obsolete. This year's starting line averages more than 6 feet 2 inches, and nine of the linemen on the squad are 6 feet 3 inches or better.

After he gets his tall boys enrolled, Owens emphasizes two things: conditioning and enthusiasm. In the brief two hours now available for football practice, the Husky squad spends much of its time on physical drill. For instance, Owens feels that a strong neck is essential to good football not only because it is one of the most potent levers on the body, but also because it is an insurance against many of the more serious football injuries. Already some of the older coaches like Ohio State's Woody Hayes are adopting Owens' neck exercises, and Owens' athletes are advised not to invest heavily in shirts with collars that fit exactly. A Seattle writer said the other day, "I can't remember seeing an Owens player stretched out on the field all last year."

The new regime at Washington has brought pride to a community that finds something immensely gratifying in a successful college football team. For the time being, at least, the alumni are happy to leave the job of supporting and educating the athletes to the university and the job of coaching them to Jim Owens. They even claim they will not become bitter if the team doesn't win all its games and go to the Rose Bowl every year. That, however, does not appear to be a problem for the immediate future. **END**

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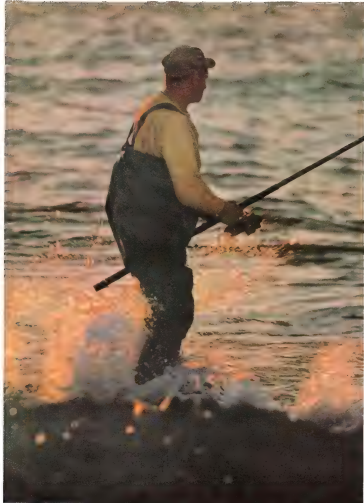


VIGIL BY THE SURF

Photographs by Garry Winogrand



In the salty rips of Montauk Point at the end of Long Island, the surf
caster above and his fellows on the next three pages take their stand against
winds and tides and—they hope—fighting fish. Jack Olsen's word picture
of the joys and frustrations of this hardy sport follows these photographs.





Rod at the ready, a surf caster waits for a bass to hit his lure. Another fisherman picks his way over the rocks as he guides a three-pounder into the shallows



The surf caster's reward comes when he hooks a striper and a sunset simultaneously

Drawings by James Flann



DOWN TO THE SEA IN BOOTS

by JACK OLSEN

Neither pain nor sleep nor dark threats from his wife can stay the doped surf fishermen from the slow completion of his appointed—and often fruitless—rounds. Buffeted by the waves, perplexed by the weather, baffled by the fish, he plods nightly to the sea, full of hope and neurines

HANGING in a weather-beaten built shack on Virginia's eastern shore is a sign: I AM A SURF FISHERMAN. BUT THE BEST OF MY FAMILY IS NORMAL. This rare and basest man not only knows himself, but he knows the entire breed of surf casters. All of us who fish the edge of the sea are a little daft. We may, ever so seldom, have our golden moments (left) when the wind and the sun and the tide are just right, and schools of bluefish or stripers come by, feeding so furiously that there is a strike on every cast. But most of the time we are engaged in regies of masochistic misery.

Now there are bound to be some who will argue that all fishermen are unbalanced, and there is more than a whisper of truth in this. The dry-fly trout fisherman who spends all winter snipping and slicing at tiny bits of pheasant wing to produce the perfect imitation of the black-bottomed stone fly may be suspected of a failure to come to grips with reality. And the muskie fisherman who fails the water year in, year out, without a single strike, may be described as eccentric. And what of the black bass fisherman, prowling the churchyard at midnight, looking for night crawlers?

But the surf fisherman stands firmly and proudly at the pinnacle of disorientation. He is happiest when the weather is foulest. His pockets are crammed with aromatic delicacies of his trade: rigged seals, sandworms, elderly squids. He usually begins his activities in the black of night when decent people are abed. As a result, his eyes are bloodshot from lack of sleep (among surf casters, this is called "bass eyes"). His disposition is terrible. Finally—runners and even occasional photographs notwithstanding—he does not catch fish. What never! Well, hardly ever.

It is not fish that the surf caster is after, but rather a whole series of negative gratifications which may be summarized as follows:

- 1) The thrill of telling friends at the office how he nearly drowned in the surf last night.
- 2) The glories of reciting how a school of mackerel beat the surf to a froth, but "wouldn't touch my bait!"
- 3) The enchantment of confounding people with misleading statements and false information.

Sometimes it seems that the entire

Continued

missing of the surf caster is to pummel and bewilder anyone who comes into contact with him—especially other surf casters. On beaches like the oyster banks of North Carolina, where channel bass sometimes come within casting range, fishermen will go to any lengths to obscure the truth. Suppose you are fast to a big fish, and you spot an enemy surf caster eering on the run. The standard procedure is to throw the reel on free spool, allowing the line to go slack, and to stand placidly as though waiting for a strike. The enemy will run up and say, "Anything doing?" Your answer is: "Nope, but I hear they're hitting down at the point."

At Provincetown, Mass., on the tip of Cape Cod, a popular practice is to bury the catch in the sand. To counter this technique, Surf Caster Matt Costa grows the beach in his jeep, looking for telltale mounds in the sand. When the surf caster tells Costa that there is nothing doing but he hears they are hitting down at the point, Costa drives full-tilt toward the mounds. "Wait! Wait!" the fisherman shouts. "They're hitting right here! Don't run over my fish!"

There is a very good reason for such chicanery. A fellow doesn't want to share a good thing. Says Dick Wolf, fishing tackle executive and surf-casting enthusiast: "Surf fishing is probably the least productive method. I don't know why I do it."



When Jack Dickinson, operator of a resort just a long cast from famous Montauk Point, became addicted

to surf casting he threw everything but his wife's tableware into the waves for two years. Then he hung up his tackle with a perfect record: no fish, no strikes. Wolf once knew a surf caster who caught no fish in seven years. Finally he caught a striped bass, whereupon he quit surf casting, deeply offended.

This paucity of fish causes rumbles on the beaches. When the North Carolina channel bass run is on, fishermen stand shoulder to shoulder, slinging their lures in whistling arcs

and nobody is anybody else's friend. It is a convention of tomcats.

"Hey, Buddy, will you watch your aim? I only got two eels!"

"You're over my line again."

And that universal admonition: "Would ya mind?"



to this frenetic conga line at the height of a run. Within seconds, the dog had a No. 4 hook in his ear. Down the beach ran the dog, barking bloody murder, with ex-Marine Dillon in pursuit. The red bent into a perfect parabola, and the fisherman reeled frantically, the trace of a mad smile at the corner of his mouth. One hundred yards down the beach, Dillon tackled the dog, and removed the lure. Nowadays the question is still debated in Buxton: Should the fisherman have tightened down on his drag, or should he have given the dog free spool and played him a little? It is an intriguing angling question, but one which, alas, will never be answered; the dog has not returned to the beach.

Surf casters come from miles around, sometimes materializing out of nowhere, at the first signs of fish in the surf. Try this experiment. Go to the loneliest, most remote beach you can find, and begin casting. Suddenly you will feel the eyes—looking through sand and grass, peering from the tiny beach sharks. Get a fish on, and the owners of the eyes will come barreling down the beach like a troop of Indians, shouting and zinging their lures through the air while they are still 50 yards from the water.

A man who makes outdoor movies brought three dead striped bass to Rhinbeck, Long Island for a surf-fishing picture. With the aid of a skin-diver yanking and pulling at them from below, the dead bass were made to look like fighting stripes in the surf. None of this dismayed the avalanche of surf casters who rushed to the scene. They saw: a) a fisherman with a bent rod; and b) a striped bass fighting in the surf. Says the moviemaker: "It didn't do a bit of

good to explain. I said, 'Look they're dead!' I said, 'Can't you see the skin-diver out there?' I said, 'This is all a fake!' And all those guys did was ask me who I was kidding. I swear, as soon as I moved a footstep, there would be one of those nuts standing in my old footprint, casting."

Off Cape Cod, a fisherman who will here be identified as Dick Dementia was skulking along the beaches looking for fish. On the end of his line was a rigged eel, an efficient lure for bass. Dick Dementia saw a fisherman hook a bass; he ran to the shore and flung his bait seaward. One of the hooks caught in the lip of the fisherman, leaving the poor man bloodied and eel-draped. Dementia, a gentleman, rushed the victim to a doctor, who removed the hook and took several stitches. After the operation Dementia asked the suffering fisherman: "Did you save my eel?" The victim handed over the bloody bait, and these two typical surf fishermen went back to the beach together.



It is not absolutely necessary to be so maniacal about surf casting. There are, here and there, fishermen who simply look for signs of feeding

fish in the surf, and, if they see nothing, return home. In the shadow of the Hatteras Lighthouse, local fishermen sit on the dunes for days at a time. There is a man in New York City who sets his alarm clock for the morning tide, piles into his car wearing slippers and a robe, and drives up and down the Backways looking for signs of feeding fish. This wraith may be seen, like Hamlet's ghost, almost any night. If he spots action he slips into waders and casting shirt, and rows down to the sea. Expert surf fishermen spend far more time looking for signs of fish—circling gulls, phosphorescent spurts of moving fish in the waves, schools of bait fish which will attract big prey—than they do in the actual fishing.

There is, however, no surf fisherman, experts included, who is proof against the ultimate insanity: wading into a high surf after dark. Some fishermen go to the beach by daylight, snap on a blindfold, and simulate surf

continued

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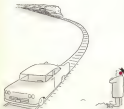
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...you start!



SURF FISHING continued

wading in darkness. But the fisherman can never really prepare for the surf, because the surf is never the same. Even so experienced an angler as Bill Dillon occasionally finds himself reel overboard in the water. "I can't understand these waves," laments Dillon. "Here they are, the most powerful force on earth, and yet they have to be sneaky. You wouldn't think such a powerful thing would have to be sneaky, would you? You watch and watch and watch, and then you take your eyes off the surf for a second, and wham!" At his motel he often meets the victims of the tricky surf. "They lose their glasses, their watches, their rods and their reels. Once in a while somebody will lose his false teeth. They come running up to my office from the beach, their mouths all puckered up, and they say, 'May I use your phone?'"



The best surf-fishing spots are points of land where wind and tide cause crosscurrents and rips. Little fish get knocked senseless and big

fish come in to gobble them up. But such spots pose extra problems for the fisherman. The surf caster often imagines that he has a fish on, when in fact his bait is only being buffeted about by cross-rips, or by a load of sargassum weed. Ed Zern, another surf caster, was fishing off the New York coast when he felt the line going out. "I couldn't stop it," he recalls. "I tightened down on the drag and started backing up the beach; but still it kept pulling me out. I played that thing for 15 minutes before I discovered it was a safety rope put there for swimmers." A surf fisherman recently threw his bait out for three hours without a hit. He discovered at dawn that he had been casting it onto a sand bar exposed by the low tide.

At least once, a surf fisherman has hooked, and landed, a large specimen of home aspirations. The angler, Arnold Marko of Brooklyn, was fishing off Manhattan Beach when he heard the cries of a sinking swimmer. Marko stopped a taxi just beyond the man, and reeled him in. To some anglers,

continued



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this catch would have been a disappointment. But not to Marko. It was all he caught that evening.

Indeed, nothing is a disappointment to the surf caster. He asks for little, and little is exactly what he gets. And if you inquire, he will swear that he is enjoying himself. This bliss, unfortunately, does not always extend into the surf fisherman's home. The golf widow is a sadsem; the surf-casting widow is a Greek tragedy. She is left alone at nights. Her husband smells, and so does her refrigerator. "There is nothing worse for a woman than what we do to her ice-box," Dick Wolf says. "She opens it up, and what does she find: two boxes of bloodworms and a can of live eels. Now live eels are bad enough, but eels that have passed away in the ice-box—they will test any marriage."



Many such marriages have been tested and found wanting. Matt Costa tells of a Cape Cod surf fisherman

who left his wife to pace her widow's walk for weeks at a time. One night she announced that he had to choose between her and the striped bass. "He stayed home for four days," Costa reports, "and then he came to me and he said, 'Matt, I can't stand it any more. Let's go.' We went surf fishing, and when he got home, his wife and two kids were gone for good."

There was a Provincetown surf caster who kept going out at night for bluefish. While he was roaming the beaches, his wife was roaming the bars, and one night she ran off with another man. Coming home for a new supply of rigged eels, the fisherman discovered his loss. He grieved for several minutes, then trudged sadly back to the sea. Now he has become a sort of beach bum, living a life of aloneeness, whipping his plugs and eels into the surf, sniffing the ripe satisfactions of low tide, fighting death battles with seaweed and cross-rip, dreaming fiftal dreams of giant bass and tugging bliss. Some of the natives point him out as a sad case, but if this is true, then why is he always smiling?

END



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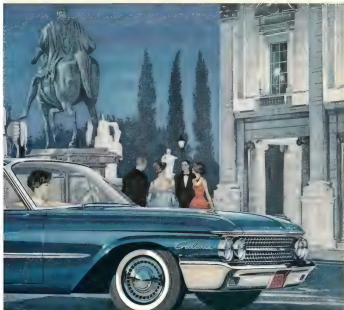
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HIGH TENSION GOLF

In last week's issue Rex Lardner told the glib story of the tension that develops whenever women are encountered on the golf course. Now he shows how this kind of tension—in fact, any kind of tension—can be turned back on itself to produce better (or, at least, different) golf. His theories add up to a whole new approach to the game, one by which any duffer can look forward to shooting his age—possibly by his 128th birthday

by REX LARDNER

IT is sometimes difficult to determine exactly what caused an inspiration or exactly at what time of day it occurred. Revelations have taken place before, a great many of them more important. I say with all humility, than my discovery of the proper mental attitude to adopt to conquer golf—but seldom are the revelers able to describe precisely what happened.

However, I should say mine was the result of a series of traumatic experiences: a round of golf with a treacherous female (31, Sept. 29), the pressure of an upcoming tournament, the mixture of strange chemicals in my blood and, finally, a session with one Dr. Corbin, an eccentric psychiatrist who thought he knew more than I did.

The revelation took place a few hours after the analysis—oddly enough, while I was in a cocktail lounge trying to work the stiffness out of my hands. To pinpoint the exact time is impossible, but it was somewhere between 6 and 9:30 p.m. I believe my unconscious was sorry for all the trouble it had

continued



USING TENSION IS TUGH. author ambushes ball at base of tree. In this case, anger at ball and fear of becoming lost in woods produced tension which enabled him to carry off difficult shot.

Copyright © 1981 by Rex Lardner

camed me earlier and, in the manner of waking the Stanley brothers to reveal to them the secret of the steamer, was now trying to make amends.

This was the Rosetta stone of my revolutionary theory:

You do not get angry because you hit a bad golf shot; you hit a bad golf shot BECAUSE YOU DO NOT GET ANGRY ENOUGH!

The anger is there, lurking below the surface. It is up to you to learn how to use it. That is the essence of High Tension Golf.

Before going any further, I had better give some general background on golf for those who have just taken up the game or those who have never played at all. Golf is primarily a fight with oneself. In a strong personality, the battle is more hotly contested, of course, than in a person of anemic character. In addition to this emotional struggle, a golfer's body works against him. The human physique, while it is fine for climbing trees and can even be accustomed to squashing down in sports cars, is singularly unadapted to making the correct golf stroke. In the average human frame, the arms are hinged too close to the shoulders, the shoulders are too far from the neck, the arches of the feet are on the wrong side, the eyes are too far apart, there are at least one too many fingers on the left hand, and

the spine is divided into too many pieces to allow a person to hit a ball with any degree of accuracy. These are scientific facts. It would also help if the knees bent sideways instead of forward.

For all its peaceable environment, then, and the leisure with which the player is allowed to choose a club, settle on a grip, examine the terrain, wobble and finally take a swipe at the ball, golf—because of the pressure induced and the eerie movements required of the body—is the most terrifying of all games.

The great majority of players fail to make use of the natural tensions of the game. Instead of turning tension back on itself, they try to reduce it or ignore it—probably because of principles drilled into them by the "relaxation clique," a cult of golf instruction that has dominated the game for more than 100 years.

I believe this is a fundamental mistake. I believe that a ball goes farther when it is hit hard than when it is hit softly, *i.e.*, by a golfer in a state of relaxation.

Now it is well known that people in a state of anger are stronger than when in a calm state. I find this true when I twist the cap of a cider bottle or open a stubborn window or pay a highway toll. Probably you have often experienced the same reaction. If this anger is applied to the golf swing, the player will find he is using

something like 105% of his strength—that is, superpower—and the ball will react accordingly.

It may be argued by the relaxation clique that accuracy is sacrificed when extreme power is applied. But when the swing is powerful enough, exact accuracy does not matter. If the ball is hit with any part of the club, using the High Tension system, it will go as far as the most accurate shot by a slow swinger. If height is taken into consideration in the total yardage attained, it goes a great deal further.

Now to answer some basic questions about High Tension Golf that will naturally arise.

Does not this theory make obsolete all other books of golf instruction?

Undoubtedly the other books on golf instruction served some kind of function at one time. But since we are diametrically opposed in most areas, either they are right or I am right. To answer the question categorically: yes, it does make them obsolete—overnight.

In what specific way does your theory contradict the theories of the so-called experts?

In several ways. It has been advocated that the arms should be loose and dangly just before the swing. I say, nonsense, tighten them up. They say, relax your knees. I say, stiffen them! They say, hit the ball along the ground. I say, hit the

THE HIGH TENSION SWING



ADDRESSING BALL. Golfer's muscles up. Seemingly thinking of things he hates.



STARTING THE BACKSWING. Golfer's arms all muscles and nerves left off in his overage.



CHECKING BACKSWING. He again knows his backswing is to instruct—opposite.

ball up in the air—it will go farther.

Does one need any kind of special equipment to apply the principles of High Tension Golf?

Definitely not! Nothing besides clubs and a course to play on. The playing of golf itself, as we have seen, induces High Tension; and if it does not induce enough, a High Tension warmup can be used as a supplement. One of the best ways I know of becoming tense is to play against a woman. Another is to take a lesson from a teaching pro. I ran into a real dynamo of a pro at a club in Yonkers. "Imagine," he said, as he made hammering motions with his flat while we stood looking over his range, "there is a sharp spike driven down from the main nerve in your right shoulder, through your liver, through your right hip socket, through the kneecap, down the right shinbone and through your Achilles tendon, deep in the ground." I closed my eyes and envisioned the prospect.

"Now," he said, straining to lift upward, "when you raise the clubhead, think of this same spike as reversing itself and being driven up the ground, through your shinbone, gall bladder and so on and into the big nerve of your left arm." I did so.

"All right," he said, beginning to strain downward. "Now you obviously have to move your arms to swing the club. So now you ease your left arm away from the pointed end

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS BY THE AUTHOR

I should like to offer my thanks to Jerry Hicks, the pro at Brook Valley Golf Club near Wampashoret, Long Island, for consenting to write the preface for my book (*Out of the Book* and into the *Tee*—Bobbs Merrill, \$2.95) if the manuscript met his approval. Unfortunately, it did not. I should also like to thank "Scottie" Whitsitt of the Deepdale Manor, Long Island, Country Club, for many hearty laughs in his pro shop and on his range at approximately \$4 per laugh.

of the spikes and swing down—but the right side of your body is still pinned to it. But you can move your left side. So your right side stays hooked where it is, and you pivot the left side around it. Do you get the picture?"

I told him that I would certainly never forget it. I paid for my lesson, took the long ride home and went to bed rather early.

Yes, but what, exactly, is tension? Concisely stated, tension is when you are boiling with anger at something, or some person or group of persons (such as a slow foursome), or all these things. Physiologically, it is the feeling that the top of your head is about to blow off, that all your muscles and nerves are in a state of uncontrolled

hysteria and that you must beat something.

Conversely, anger is controlled tension—that is, tension focused on a particular object. To give you an example: When you hit something with your closed fist, like a steel locker, that is anger. When you keep hitting it, after learning better, that is tension. Many people claim to be tense, or think they are tense, but really are not. They may have some of the symptoms of tension, such as moving their eyes nervously from side to side or speaking in a loud voice or getting into fights, but they are merely deceiving themselves. They are anxious, not tense.

Anxiety differs from tension in that it is characterized partly by fear. Anxiety can cause paralysis, or what is known in golf circles as "freeze." This usually occurs at the top of the backswing, or as one is lining up a long and difficult putt of perhaps two to three feet. Tension, on the other hand, prevents paralysis. A person in a state of tension fears nothing.

I am a fairly tense person. In me, the inner symptoms of this tension are fast reflexes, an ability to make snap decisions and to revise them in an instant, and an urge to play all games quickly. I have, for example, small patience with superfluous talk in golf—an often too leisurely game which inspires players to run off at

continued



PAUSING AT TOP of backswing, he alters grip and plans strategy for hole.



WHIPPING INTO the ball, author says club is now traveling too fast for eye to follow.



FOLLOWING THROUGH. Larner keeps his body and brain taut, ready for next shot.

the mouth any time they are not actually addressing the ball. Concise phrases like "It's your shot" and "You can't possibly have a 5" should suffice unless an emergency, like a looming foursome, comes up, in which case long arguments are an accepted ritual of the game. The other exception, of course, is when one gives an opponent a friendly tip on how to correct a flaw in his swing.

As for the development of tension in others, I think it is fair to say that everyone has the same frustrations, fears, sense of inadequacy, inner hostility and so on. It is these characteristics that distinguish man from the lower animals.

We are all, therefore, equally capable of developing tension. It is merely a matter of making the proper use of one's environment. Are there any further questions on tension?

Yes. Can everyone develop tension with the same facility?

No. It is harder for some people than others because of their glands and—well, uh, and so on.

That's not what you said a moment ago.

Go to hell. Next question.

How can you become tense?

I am already tense, as I thought I clearly explained. What you mean is, how can you become tense?

All right. How can I become tense?

Apart from golf, there are certain vastly annoying things one comes into contact with in everyday life which can make him reasonably tense in a very short time. I mention some of them later on in the story.

Let us now take up that much neglected but extremely important aspect of golf—the swing. The swing determines direction and spin and, to a large extent, power. Examining the swing from an anatomical standpoint, here are the external and internal movements:

As the club is raised, the upper body turns, and the cervical vertebrae in the spine shorten to cock the head at an acute angle. With the hands holding the club in a vise-like grip, the shaft is raised to a horizontal position directly over the right shoulder and parallel to the head. The muscles in the right forearm contract as the grip is altered to assure

the clubface being brought down square to the ball.

The left arm is bent slightly by tightening the biceps; the elbow should be in front of the chest. Now, with the clubhead poised, the player pauses to review the steps involved in the downswing and to plan his strategy for the hole.

In a sudden, rapid uncoiling motion, the left hand forces the club around from behind the back, the right hand is startled into following, the spine unwinds to snap the right shoulder around and under, the player heaves himself into the shot, and the wrists scoop up to give the blow extra distance. The ball is given a terrific blow, and the club rises up again in a sweeping lurch motion. The player now looks up, further action being determined by the flight of the ball.

I realize there may be some golf teachers who will disagree with this analysis of the swing. However, it accurately describes my own swing.

Incorrect theories about the swing, incidentally, have thrown more than a few golfers off their game, so let me clear up some of them. Many instructors claim that in the proper swing, the right hand pulls the club upward by itself, with the left hand opposing this upward motion. The result of this silly theory is that, with both arms working at odds, the club is

never raised more than a few inches off the ground.

I tried the system myself when I first took up the game, and for more than a year was getting very poor distance in my drives—30 and 40 yards. To correct this flaw, the golfer should urge his left hand to take it easy in opposing the right. The result will be that the right hand will be able to tug the club up past the right shoulder, and by then it is too late for the left hand to do anything about it. Later on (on the downswing) the left will have a chance to show what it can do.

Another thing golfers are told is that they should "sweep through" the ball, or "swing as though the ball isn't there." This is the sheerest nonsense. The object of the golfer is to smash the ball, and any wassailing philosophic description of the process that tries to help your swing by pretending the ball isn't there or suggesting that you trick the ball into thinking you are not actually going to hit it is absurd. Of course you are going to hit it. You are going to murder it!

We come now to the application of High Tension in grooving the swing. In the High Tension swing, every muscle—except for those on the relaxed left side—will be stiff as a board. Knees locked, vocal cords taut, biceps contracted, teeth clenched—

IRONING AND TOPPING

Proper way to make High Tension iron shot is to dig up dirt. Size of divot (left) determines how well shot is hit. In fact, it makes no difference whether player hits the ball or not, as long as he hits the ground. Hence he can concentrate on power instead of accuracy.

Although most golfers top the ball two or three times in every round, very few of them know the proper way to execute this basic stroke. Here is how High Tension can help you. Place the ball opposite the left toe and stand well away. On the downswing, lift the body into the shot as opposed to leaning the body into it, as in the regular swing. At the same time, the head is sharply raised, elevating the shoulders, and the club strikes the upper part of the ball. The result is a topped shot. If by some chance the ball is hit squarely, a shorter club should be used.



everything poised to smack the ball. Do not let the ball intimidate you. Imagine that it represents all the things you don't like about your environment, all the ideas you disagree with (such as: sharks don't eat people), your boss, your wife, waiters, tax auditors, hot rodents, 86 taillights on automobiles, a neighbor with a lot of electric appliances, psychiatrists, hearty people, lady golfers, canned laughter, things you have to put together, backing into a parking space. The ball represents all these things cumulatively or separately—which ever rouses you to the whitest heat of anger. These are your thoughts on the upswing.

The High Tension method of preparing for the grooved downswing takes care of tensing the proper muscles and locking the proper joints, so that ideally your release takes over.

With this simple system, you don't have to try to consciously pivot. Slam the clubhouse around at the ball and you will either pivot or you will break your hip.

Sometimes, of course, the swing won't go right. Shots don't always go right for me, either. After all, the perfect golf shot involves the coordination of about 40 different elements—and even a bad shot demands about 83. Therefore on those occasions when my swing is off, I have found that instead of thinking what is do, it is better to think of what *not* to do, then quickly do the opposite.

Even if he forgets some of the things not to do, a golfer can apply a simple test: "Does it feel natural?" If it feels natural, or comfortable, he should by all means make an immediate correction, even if it occurs in the middle of the downswing.

Here is a check list of Don'ts which should be memorized for use just before and during the downswing:

- DON'T uncock your wrists till after you have started the downswing, if at all.
- DON'T overclub.
- DON'T underclub, either.
- DON'T worry about personal troubles.
- DON'T lean.
- DON'T fall down.
- DON'T let go of the club.

In approach shots, DON'T hit your opponent's ball by mistake. DON'T change the arc of your swing unless you are fairly sure you have blundered in some way earlier.

Now to answer some specialized questions on technique.

You say at the top of the backswing the left elbow is bent. Should the ball be sighted over the elbow or through the space between the elbow and the chest?

Whichever is comfortable. Snead, Hogan and Armour sight over the left elbow. I have tried both ways and find them equally efficacious.

Do you prefer the INSIDE-OUT or the OUTSIDE-IN?

These are merely two terms for the same thing. I advocate neither. Incidentally, you don't have to shoot. Should you ever shake the club?

I advise against it. What good does it do? Bend it over your shin and heave it down the course, or slam it against a tree. Regarding this last, I make use of the interlocking grip, with an open stance. The swing requires terrific concentration, since hitting a tree with your hands is one of the most unpleasant things that can happen to any golfer.

Could you list three simple rules for maintaining tension?

Yes. In fact I will list six: 1) Start your day by setting your alarm late. Bolt out of bed, shave with an old blade, then wake your wife and have words with her about not having coffee ready.

- 2) Race out of the house carrying your shoes in your hand. Then put them on in the car while stopping for red lights, perhaps causing other drivers to develop High Tension of their own. If possible, drive in traffic behind a car driven by a woman with a woman companion in the front seat.
- 3) Any time during the day that you feel tension easing off, pause and take a slow, deep breath with your eyes wide open. (Do you feel a kind of ache near the solar plexus?)
- 4) Schedule an analytical session with someone who charges \$24 a minute.
- 5) In the evening, if you have guests over, bring out all the liquor in the house and tell them to pour their own.
- 6) Finally, concentrate on developing Tension. Plan ahead; that is, worry. Practice until the mechanics of creating Tension are second nature, and when you get back out on the golf course, bear in mind that there is not only muscle memory, there is brain memory. Use it. Tense your muscles. Give it the burn's rash. That is the way to play High Tension Golf.

END

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SERIES TIME IN ANOTHER WORLD

October is World Series month, not only in the U.S., but also in Japan, where a nation of baseball addicts has adopted the American game with astonishing zeal. As these scenes of last year's Japanese world series show, the game and its fans in Osaka are essentially the same as they are in Chicago. The uniforms, dugouts and flag-decked stadiums of Japanese baseball all seem strikingly familiar to American visitors, as do the Pepsi-Cola vendors, the hot dogs, the popcorn and the booing of managers.

But there are differences, too. The Japanese clap politely at skillful plays, troops often burst into tears after winning crucial games, shamed managers have changed their names after bad seasons and fans write newspapers to suggest that the heads of poor clubs commit *hara-kiri* for having so offended their followers. Their world series itself is more lavishly staged than in the U.S. Lovely girls lead parades of players, there are gala firework displays, and brass bands play such favorite Oriental tunes as *Fernand* and *Johann*.

There is excellent baseball, too—the equivalent of our high minor leagues. In the world series shown here a rubber-armed submarine pitcher, Tadashi Suglura, pitched the upstart Osaka Hawks to four straight wins over the favored Tokyo Giants. Japanese baseball, or baseball anywhere, had never seen anything quite like it. Tokyo fans could be excused for repeatedly shouting "Yabomoyo!" at their frustrated Giants. "Yabomoyo," like the game, is an import. Japan's most expressive baseball epithet, it comes straight from Brooklyn.

Flourishy opening of Tokyo games includes pretty girls and a bouquet for manager

読 売

ジャイアンツ

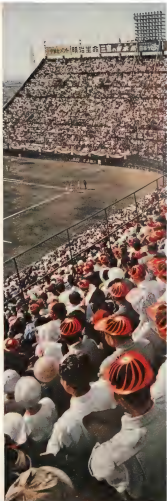
明治新聞





*Vendor with soft drinks picks
way down aisle past old and young
fans totally absorbed by game*

*Bright sunshades distributed
by advertisers decorate a
capacity crowd at Tokyo game*





Like Dodger fans invading Yankee Stadium, Osaka rooters raise a din in Tokyo's Koshien Stadium, and band (below), high in the stands, adds to bedlam





Dwarfed by huge baseball in Osaka outfield, brass section of band at Japan Series opener is half concealed by smoke screen from fireworks display

GOOD LOOKS THAT NEVER GET RAINED OUT



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How plywood's natural stamina licks

BY GEORGE CALKINS

FATIGUE IS A BOAT KILLER. It's caused by vibration and the constant shock and pound of rough water. Nothing big like running a deadhead or ramming a dock—that kind of damage is out in the open where you can see it. Fatigue is more like a series of body punches that sap a boxer's strength until he's just plain worn out or ready for the big one.

That's the insidious thing about fatigue. You can't see it happen. It develops over a period of time. You must rely on how well your boat is put together and, importantly, what materials are used in its construction.

In the past 30 years I've designed, built and ran boats of every type and size, and I can assure you—despite claims to the contrary or pictures showing specially posed sterns—wood, the oldest boat building material, is still the best and strongest. Pound for pound, modern marine plywood is stronger than steel. And it keeps its strength. It's not affected by age, vibration, ultraviolet light, electrolysis or corrosion.

In plywood, cross-lamination improves on wood's natural strength, making it split-proof and remarkably impact-resistant. But basically it is the natural elasticity of the wood fibers which permits plywood to bend and rebound without fatiguing, cracking and ultimately breaking.

Metal or plastic do not have this natural fatigue resistance. Vibration or repeated flexure may cause the crystals in metal to re-align, creating lines of shear which invite tears or breaks. Plastic turns brittle with age. Actually, it never stops curing. In time, this hardening renders plastic vulnerable to hidden fractures radiating out from points of vibration or impact.

From my point of view, that's the important thing about plywood. It builds a strong, safe boat. Rather than remain rigid

and snap under stress, a plywood hull rolls with the punch. You can actually feel the difference. Plywood boats are quieter, more solid in every way. They ride better, look better and last longer.

I've designed and built well over a thousand plywood boats—including the first one ever seen on the Oregon Coast back in 1935—and I've never heard of one not performing well under all conditions. In fact, one of my boats—the 22-ft. plywood "Bar-tender," a new type double ender with a planing hull, originally designed for sports fishing around the rough bars at harbor entrances along the Oregon Coast—was recently put through the toughest, meanest test I've ever heard of.

The Coast Guard was looking for a boat of her size that could take the pounding of heavy seas and still be fast enough to answer distress calls. Before she was approved, the Coast Guard put her through a year of testing that would have, I'm sure, shattered anything of her class built of other materials. They ran her full bore through six facing waves; bounced her off swells into troughs; swamped her; and put her through other tests calculated to bring out hull defects you might ordinarily take years to discover. The "Bar-tender's" solid plywood hull came through with flying colors and the Coast Guard now has three in service. Over thirty more civilian models built for sportsmen are now challenging the wild waters along our Northwest Coast.

The boat recently won the National Gold Cup Boating Safety Award presented by the Kleinfelder Corp. If you're interested in a rugged sports fisher that can get up to 30 mph, you might consider a "Bar-tender." But whatever boat you buy, for whatever purpose, if you want a real man's boat, be sure she's built of plywood.

One of the nation's top authorities on small boat construction, George Calkins of Lifesave Boats, Oregon, is designer for Calkins Craft Boat Co., Delake, Oregon, manufacturers of the 22-foot all-plywood "Bar-tender" shown on the opposite page.



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NORTHWESTERN QUARTERBACK THORNTON SWEEPS LEFT AS FULLBACK KNOWLER (40) SENDS OKLAHOMA'S TILLEY SPRAWLING

Up from the depths

Northwestern's experienced backs and green line led the Big Ten back to the top, a Texas halfback straightened out and Lehigh's engineers turned the pressure on Delaware

NEXT YEAR, or the year after, football people were saying, the Big Ten would again be king of the conferences. It would take that long to repair the damage done by a strict old program forced on the coaches by the schools' faculties in 1956. It would probably take longer to live down the embarrassing trampling Washington handed Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl last New Year's Day.

But football is not always a game of logic, and by late Saturday it was apparent that there had been an unlogged but seismic change: the Big Ten already had regained its power, and it was going to take the best in the country to beat its teams. In eight games with nonconference schools, the Big Ten won six and tied the other two.

The most interesting test was the Northwestern-Oklahoma game. To be sure, Northwestern had won easily last year, 45-13, but the Oklahoma squad had come down with food poisoning just before the game, and there were many who thought that the outcome might otherwise have been reversed. All last week Northwestern Coach Ara Parseghian, the adept Armenian amateur psychologist, needed his players about the questionable victory. He posted derogatory clippings on the locker-room "clubber board" and menacingly reminded all hands, "No one really believes you licked them."

On Saturday at Norman, Northwestern licked Oklahoma 19-3. The loss was only Oklahoma's fourth at home in 13 years. The crowd of 82,-

000 had hardly cheered Oklahoma Guard Karl Milestead's 35-yard field goal after the kickoff when Northwestern's superb backfield took control. Quarterback Dick Thornton and Halfback Albert Kinbrough, both out almost all last season with injuries, teamed up with Fullback Mike Stock to put Northwestern in front to stay. With Thornton helping clear the way, Stock took a pitchout around right end and went 27 yards to the Oklahoma nine. A few seconds later Thornton threw a three-yard touchdown pass to End Elbert Kimbrough, Albert's twin. In the second and third periods Stock kicked two field goals, and in the final period Thornton, waiting until the Oklahoma line was almost upon him, threw a lovely soft flier 25 yards into the arms of Halfback Al Fausce.

What especially pleased Parseghian was the strength of his line. From tackle to tackle Northwestern had only one player who had ever started.

(Continued)

"I knew that if our interior line held up, we would have a good team," Parsagian said afterward. "Well, they're some group." After checking his first-stringers, Parsagian played everyone he could. He had to, North-western, the sole private school in the Big Ten and one requiring College Board exams, has the smallest squad in the conference. Toward the end of the season it often has the weakest. This year Parsagian wants experienced reserves who can help "overcome the late-season lull." "

The Texas-Maryland game was not so much a question of lines but of

a straight line. Texas's James Saxton, who used to amuse himself by chasing jack rabbits, can be an exasperating runner. Instead of using his speed to score, he has been in the habit of dancing a jig while deciding which way to go. He would sometimes run 60 or 70 yards to the left and right, alas, but seldom more than two or three yards forward.

After Texas lost a one-point opener to Nebraska a week ago, Coach Darrell Royal gave Saxton the word: the shortest distance to the goal is a straight line. Royal apparently made an impression. Saxton stopped Maryland's opening drive with an interception in the end zone. Not long

after Maryland stalled and quick-kicked, Saxton caught the ball on the Texas 31 and began running straight ahead. He kept running until he crossed the Maryland goal. Texas went on to win 34-0, in a game that had been rated even. Toward the end, Saxton sat grinning on the Texas bench as he recalled Royal's advice. "It works good," he said. "The coaches really know what they're talking about."

In another game involving a Southwest Conference team, it was Bears against Buffaloes but a Bull was the deciding factor. The Bull is Halfback Ronnie Bull of the Baylor Bears. The Buffaloes are Colorado.

FOOTBALL'S SECOND WEEK by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Nicholas State Coach Duffy Daugherty dozed earphones on the sidelines, used messengers to send in every play but could get no better than a 3-7 tie with determined Pitt. The Panthers scored with two minutes to go in the first half on Quarterback Dave Knapp's 19-yard pass to End Miles Dicks. Then, with five seconds to play, the Spartans went 66 yards as Quarterback Tom Wilson's long pass, deflected by Pitt Defender Ed Sharekman, scooped into the arms of End Jason Hansen for the tying touchdown.

Syracuse, obviously conserving its might for Kansas this week, showed just enough to run over undermanned Boston U. 22-7. The Orangemen spring Halfback Knis Davis for an 80-yard touchdown run, piled up 357 yards rushing, 34 more on passing.

Ahead 7-0 at the half, Boston College's sophomores abruptly learned the facts of life when Army went into its new man-in-motion series, scored on touchdowns passed by Quarterbacks Dick Eckert and Tom Blanda to down the Eagles 24-7. Navy put on its Saturday best for President Eisenhower and beat Villanova 41-7.

The Ivy League opened their season on several surprising notes. Cornell, regarded as a contender, was soundly thrumped by Colgate 28-8 and, worse yet, lost Quarterback Dave McKelvey with a broken right leg. Columbia, expected to be somewhat stronger than in 1959, thrashed Brown 37-0 in the only game between league rivals. In other games, Quarterback Charlie Reverett, as devastating as ever, led Harvard past Holy Cross 33-6; Yale had a hard time with Connecticut, but beat the UConn 11-8 on sophomore Wally Grant's 37-yard field

goal; defending champion Penn whipped Lafayette 33-14; Dartmouth barely beat New Hampshire 7-6; Princeton bowed to Rutgers 13-8. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (3-0)
2. PENN STATE (2-1)
3. PITT (2-0)

THE SOUTH

Southeastern Conference teams, shaken by reports of an attempted fix of the Florida-Florida State game (Florida Fullback Joe MacBeth reported gamblers tried to bribe him to shave points, but he turned them in, and Florida won 3-0), were even more concerned with finding a way to keep Mississippi from winning the championship. Find-up Kentucky tried to do it with Jerry Woodum, a brilliant sophomore passer, but Ole Miss's Jake Gibbs jabbed the Wildcats off balance with his reflexes for two touchdowns and the Rebels won 21-6.

There was disappointment, too, for Alabama and Auburn. Auburn matched Alabama's tough defense with one of its own, and got an unexpected boost from Halfback Tommy Manon, who intercepted three passes and scored on a three-yard plunge. The Crimson Tide was hard-pressed to catch up, barely earned a 6-6 tie with 37 seconds to go. Resentful Tennessee made the most of two scoring opportunities and shocked Auburn, winning 10-3. Georgia climbed back into the conference race with an 18-7 win over Vanderbilt while Mississippi State lost to nonconference foe Houston 14-18.

A calculated gamble by shrewd Clemson Coach Frank Howard paid off and his Tiger turned back Wake Forest 28-7. Reasoning that the Demons lacked a running game, Howard installed a drop-back pass defense to guard against Norm Roud's passes, gleefully watched his se-



BACK OF THE WEEK: UCLA's Bill Kilmer booted up and over Purdue, running for one touchdown and passing for three others in 27-27 tie.



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Duke End. The Moorhead caught 11 passes, set an ACC record as the Blue Devils beat South Carolina with air game.

Last year Bull ran for 105 yards and two touchdowns, including Colorado to give Baylor a 15-7 win. For Saturday night's game Colorado Coach Sonny Grandelius planned his defense accordingly, and that called for no Bull.

It didn't work. Bull recovered the fumble that set up Baylor's first touchdown, returned a punt 60 yards for the second, gained 40 yards on two pass receptions and 30 more in rushing as Baylor won 28-6. Bull's play gave the Bears hope that this year poor Baylor might very well go on to win its first conference championship in 35 years. Said Colorado Guard Joe Roering: "Neither Baylor

nor Bull was this good a year ago."

Back East, deep in the John O'Hara country of northeastern Pennsylvania where the action often is hot and heavy, Lehigh made it hot for heavy Delaware. In a game likely to determine the championship of the Middle Atlantic Conference, Lehigh won easily, 27-14. Fitted against the likes of Ronald Rubin, Delaware's 298-pound center, the Lehigh line showed speed and mobility. No one was happier than Coach Bill Leckonby. He now stands at five and six with Dave Nelson, Delaware's acclaimed coach. "It's always satisfying to upset the experts," Leckonby said, "and they universally picked us to lose." **END**

ordary pick off three of three. Meanwhile, sophomore Halfback Bill McGuire purred over for three touchdowns. Wake Carolina State surprised North Carolina with a stubborn defense, picked up a 3-0 victory as Guard Jake Stauffer's 23-yard field goal. Duke produced a shocker that could be titled: "The conversion of a coach." Bill Murray has never believed in passing, but Saturday his Blue Devils completed 19 of 27 passes and trounced unsuspecting South Carolina 31-0. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (1-0)
2. ALABAMA (0-0)
3. KANSAS (1-0)

THE MIDWEST

Even though it doesn't count in the standings, Illinois was off to a pleasant start in its quest for the Big Ten title. The Illini, hoping to surprise troubled Indiana with an unbalanced line with spread end and the opposite wingback split wide, discovered they weren't the worst kept one of the week. Undisputed, they still beat the Hoosiers 17-6 on the late-afternoon meeting of Quarterback Johnny Easterbrook, who scored twice.

But there will be plenty of stiff competition ahead for Illinois. Purdue, scrambling back in the last quarter on the prelate passing of Quarterback Bernie Allen, tied UCLA 27-27. Minnesota, a clear dweller last year, ponderously exploded for a 38-14 victory over Nebraska on the line-marking of Backs Frank Bridas (254 pounds) and Tom Brown (243 pounds) and the passing of Quarterback Sandy Stephens (200 pounds). Iowa, relying on backfield speed to make up for a porous defense, beat Oregon State 22-12. Ohio State scrapped SMU in a typically gripping Woody Hayes defense while Quarterback Tom Matco picked the Mustangs apart with tricky options. The



NEW FACES: Penn-Tailback Porter Shreve (left) ran for 127 yards, completed six of nine passes, scored twice; Iowa State Tailback Dave Hoggens set school mark by rushing for 224 yards, scored three touchdowns and passed for still another.

final score: Ohio State 24, SMU 0. Michigan's sophomore Quarterback Dave Glavin passed for two touchdowns as the Wolverines put down Oregon 21-9.

In the Big Eight, Kansas warmed up for Syracuse by whipping neighboring Kansas State 41-9; Missouri spoiled Oklahoma State's conference debut with a 28-7 win; Iowa State trounced Independent Detroit 44-21.

Nevada Dunes, showing little ability to sustain an offense, used its depth—and the end coverage of Halfback Rob Scarpino—to wear down California 21-7. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (1-0)
2. NORTHWESTERN (1-0)
3. ARIZONA (1-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

While some Southwest Conference teams were away rehabilitating their reputations, Texas A&M and newcomer Texas Tech stayed at home to open the league season. After wallowing in the mud for 60

continued

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

winners, they decided absolutely nothing. The final score: 14-14.

Rice outclassed and outgassed Georgia Tech 248 yards to 87 but couldn't match Halfback Tommy Wells' three field goals (from 34, 24 and 69 yards) and lost 16-13. Sophomore Quarterback Billy Moore passed for two touchdowns and ran for another as Arkansas trampled Texas 48-7. The top three:

1. TEXAS (1-0)
2. ARKANSAS (1-0)
3. TEX (1-0)

THE WEST

Coach Johnny McKay, bated last week by play-calling Oregon State Coach Tommy Frothing, took a turn at quarterbacking, but had no more success than his players as OSU stumbled and bartered to a 7-6 defeat by TCU. Washington, sluggish but more than adequate for little teams, ran over the Vandals 41-12. While Schloeder rested, the most exciting Husky was sophomore Charlie Mitchell, who ran a kickoff back 85 yards for a touchdown, potted up 71 yards in eight carries.

Warrens returned to the Pacific Coast to smash Stanford 24-7. While frustrated Dick Norman sadly watched his seniors bobble his well-intentioned passes, Wisconsin sophomore Ben Miller reached his seniors for 16 of 25 and three scores.

Quarterback Rich Mayo picked up Air Force in the last quarter, pitched three touchdowns passes and led the Falcons past Colorado State 32-8. The top three:

1. WASHINGTON (1-0)
2. UOCL (0-0-1)
3. AIR FORCE (0-0-1)

SECOND WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

TEAM	TD	PNT	FG	PPE
Ark. Caters, N. M. State	8	0	0	45
Ark. Kelly, N. M. State	3	8	2	32
Ford Oklah., Cincinnati	5	0	0	30

TEAM	Y	PAS.	EXP.
Dave Hoppmann, Iowa State	12	239	5.43
Bob Gabeau, N. M. State	14	291	6.08
Patric Atkins, N. M. State	29	368	12.48

TEAM	Y	PNT	YDS.	TD
Charlie Johnson, N. M. St.	41	23	543	457
R. Stephens, Hard-Span.	34	38	516	218
Jim Dawson, W. Tex. St.	48	49	598	350

TEAM	Y	PNT	YDS.	TD
Dave Hoppmann, Iowa State	396	128	516	
Charlie Johnson, N. M. State	15	487	452	
Bill Kline, UCLA	65	346	425	

TEAM	YDS.	PAS.	YDS.	YDS.
Duke	72	820	526.0	
Memphis State	112	836	600.0	
San Jose State	15	400	600.0	

TEAM	YDS.	PAS.	YDS.	YDS.
Syracuse	44	27	27.0	
San Jose State	45	38	38.8	
LNU	43	32	33.6	

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Pace State over Missouri. Rip Engle, will have his Pace State defense set for Missouri's Mel West. His other worries should be relief.

Bayler over LSU. The Ronnie-Bell Fleming and Stanley passing—are too much offense, even for such grueling defenses as LSU.

Pitt over Oklahoma. Can a Bud Wilkinson team lose two in a row? It will happen if Pitt can stir up the "C" boys long enough to sustain a running attack.

Northwestern over Iowa. The Big Ten race begins in earnest. Iowa has the speed to match Northwestern, but Quarterback Dick Thornstein's able passing will make the difference.

Michigan over Michigan State. The Wolverines have found some ingenious sophomores to go with their seasoned line. State hasn't.

Purdue over Notre Dame. Bernie Allen's passing gives Purdue more offense, but the Boomerangs will have to wear down the deeper Irish before they win.

Syracuse over Kansas (TV). A real test for Syracuse. But the Orangemen are too talented to trip on the likes of the Kansas defense, tough as it is.

Arkansas over TCU. The Razorback attack seems too sharp for the Horned Frogs, who so far have stumbled along on the ground.

Army over California. A big game for Army despite California's two honorable losses. Better passing and balance should win the fight.

Washington over Navy. The Midshipmen are in over their heads against the best in the West. Joe Bellino must go it alone. The Huskies' well-stocked backfield can win together.

Other games

PENN OVER DARTMOUTH

SLABAMA OVER VANDERBILT

RENNERTY OVER ALABAMA

CLARKSON OVER VIRGINIA TECH

GEORGIA TECH OVER FLORIDA

OHIO STATE OVER KNU

MINNESOTA OVER INDIANA

IOWA STATE OVER NEBRASKA

TULANE OVER MISS

AIR FORCE OVER STAMFORD

LAST WEEK'S RECORDS:
11 RIGHT, 7 WRONG, 2 TIES
SEASON'S RECORD: 15-1-2

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- 2 **Increases engine life**—keeps cooling systems clean. Guards against rust and corrosion damage that often is caused by ordinary water.
- 3 **Improves gas economy in many cases**—DOWGARD maintains a better operating temperature for increased engine efficiency.
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Bob Waterfield's Rams may not be Little Bighornes, but they proved pretty easy to massacre

ROBERT SEATON WATERFIELD probably was the best all-round football player ever turned out in California. He could run, punt, pass and play defense, and no less an authority than Dan Hutson once observed that Waterfield was the hardest safety man he ever had to evade on a pass pattern. Waterfield led the Cleveland Rams to their first and only world pro championship. He secured the same courtesy to the Los Angeles Rams.

But for all his virtues as an athlete, Waterfield is in the unenviable position of having to prove himself. Since January, he has been coach of the Los Angeles Rams, a job he did not seek and possibly did not even want. The \$25,000 he will get this year is considerably less than the income he can expect from his investments and his ventures into movie production. The criticism he can expect is considerably more than he would have had in any other job.

For the Rams are the sorriest story

in pro football. Gifted with brilliant backs, strong, quick linemen and heavy ends, they have been selected annually as the team that will finally break through in the NFL race. Just as regularly, they have fallen flat.

Before the first day of practice this summer there were those who said that Waterfield could not succeed. Their chief point was Waterfield's character. He is a stoic. Indeed, his reserve is so monumental it tends at times almost to introversion. A friend of Waterfield's, one of the very few who can lay claim to that distinction, says he has never seen Waterfield slap anyone on the back. "You become a friend," the person said, "only after he has stepped around you and looked you over for years. Even then, you better live up to what he expects."

The Rams, Waterfield's preseason detractors say, are not Waterfield's friends. They are a warring, smarting pack of prima donnas who need a body to put them on their sensitive heads. Waterfield has not done this, but he has realized what the team's real needs are—a quarterback and



HOPEFUL WATERFIELD AT START OF JOG

some linemen. The incumbent passer, Billy Wade, is given to dancing out of his protective pocket in pursuit of fancy long gains. Too often his blockers are not sure which way they should knock the onrushing defenders and as a result Wade often surrenders ground in generous hunks. He might give away less if the blockers were better, but many of these went to the (then) Chicago Cardinals in exchange for Otto Matson, the superb fullback.

Despite these shortcomings, the Rams won some exhibition games and hope stirred in their old and faithful followers. An astonishing 47,448 turned out in the Coliseum last Friday night to await the old Waterfield magic in the season's opener against the (now) St. Louis Cardinals. The Rams were 6½-point favorites. Before the game ended, Waterfield looked more like Custer at Little Big Horn than a magician. His team was a shambles all around him, the field littered with their mocked bodies. The Rams were lucky to score three times. They had the ball barely long enough to do that, and the Cardinals had to use their imaginations to hold their total down as they won 43-21. The Ram defenders, notably hapless Jack Morris in the secondary, made Cardinal Halfback John Crow (Texas A&M) and End Sonny Handie (Virginia) look like All-Pro's. Indeed, Handie may very well be. Wade got dragged under for a safety once, was thrown for huge losses constantly by Frank Fuller and Luke Owens. It was clear the team needed a Waterfield on the field more than it did a pat on the head.

END

X-RAY OF THE GAMES

	Pts.	Yds.	Yds.	Pts.
	Run	Pass.	Comp.	
Steelers vs.	35	122	358	15-28
Cowboys	28	71	345	15-28
Browns vs.	41	329	67	9-11
Eagles	24	196	380	31-36
Bears vs.	37	155	118	13-37
Packers	14	153	77	9-24
Giants vs.	31	138	340	10-13
Akers	19	119	235	21-34
Cats vs.	30	175	279	17-35
Redskins	0	38	78	30-35
Cardinals vs.	45	148	281	14-31
Rams	21	58	188	20-39

LEAGUE STANDINGS

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Chicago	1	0	0	1.000
San Francisco	1	0	0	1.000
Detroit	0	0	0	.000
Dallas	0	1	0	.000
Los Angeles	0	1	0	.000
San Francisco	0	1	0	.000
Green Bay	0	1	0	.000

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Pittsburgh	1	0	0	1.000
Cleveland	1	0	0	1.000
New York	1	0	0	1.000
St. Louis	1	0	0	1.000
Philadelphia	0	1	0	.000
Washington	0	1	0	.000

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Compact with a flat floor

Most original of the new compacts, the Tempest is rid of that annoying bump in the front-seat floor. Pontiac designers have put the transmission in the rear where it bothers no one

THE CAR of the future, as some Detroit manufacturers saw it several years ago, would have enough power to light a small city, enough comfort to satisfy a hedonist and enough sheet metal and chrome to suggest an explosion in a junkbox factory. That awful day never arrived, fortunately, and last year, after numerous stuffy announcements that "the market was insufficient for smaller cars," three of the prophets came out with four compact automobiles. The Lark and two Ramblers were already on the market. This fall, five more compacts will be introduced in Detroit, bringing to an even dozen the number of American entries in the small-car field.

Of the new compacts, by far the most interesting is the Tempest, which Pontiac introduced this week. It is General Motors' first four-cylinder car in 33 years. It is also the very first front-engine passenger car to have a rear-mounted automatic transmission. The annoying bump in the

front-seat floor that riders have had to straddle for years is all but gone.

The person responsible for this remarkable new car is Benson K. (Bunky) Knudsen, son of General William S. Knudsen, president of General Motors from 1937 to 1940 and during World War II head of the War Production Board. Bunky Knudsen is general manager of Pontiac and, until the leaders of the industry called a halt to stock-car racing and horsepower talk in June 1957, he was one of Detroit's leading hot-rod enthusiasts. Bunky now emerges from a litter of abandoned auto-race schedules with a car that is as exciting as the rear-engined Corvair was last autumn. The Tempest offers three engines: 1) a four-cylinder with single carburetor which will turn over 110 hp on a stick-shift transmission and 130 hp on automatic transmission; 2) a four-cylinder with four carburetors which require the higher-priced fuel but develops 155 hp; 3) an eight-cylinder aluminum engine,

borrowed from corporate brothers at Buick and Oldsmobile, which will also generate 155 hp.

Four-cylinder engines are not new to the U.S. Many early American cars, including the Model A Ford and the old Chevy, had fours. So did the Henry J. and the Crosley, and the Jeep has always had fours, as have most European imports. The best U.S. four, however, is a racing engine, the Offenhauser, used in most Indianapolis "500" winners.

Bunky Knudsen named his engine the "Indianapolis Four" after the Offenhauser, but it was for economic reasons that he decided to use the four. The Tempest engine actually is a modification of the right bank of the current and hot Pontiac V-8, inclined at 45°. Many of the four's parts are interchangeable with the V-8, and both the Tempest four and the V-8 can be built on the same production line.

Previous fours were said to be rough operators at low speeds and in pulling loads. This was not true of the prototype Tempest I drove recently at the General Motors Proving Ground at Milford, Mich. This Tempest had an automatic transmission

and four carburetors. It accelerated very well, going from 0 to 60 mph in 14.3 seconds, and its passing gear, operative in the 45-to-55-mph range, was all anybody could hope for. At 90 mph, the engine promised more speed. The car took curves handily at 75 and 80 mph. At 60 mph on rough gravel and chuckhole pavements the car handles well.

The Tempest stops more easily than most cars because of its favorable weight distribution—50% in front, 50% in the rear. This was achieved by mounting the transmission (a heavy unit in any car) in the rear via a transaxle, so called because the transmission and axle are joined to form a composite unit. In the Tempest and Corvair and in other smaller cars, this axle is "twined" from the universal joint and differential, which are fixed to the floor of the car. The arrangement makes for independent rear suspension, with each rear wheel on its own. If the right rear wheel hits a bump, it takes the brunt of the shock but does not transmit it to the other rear wheel. The net effect is a smoother ride.

But the most laudable engineering feat in the Tempest is the flexible drive shaft (see drawing) from the front-mounted engine which permits the transmission to be mounted in the rear. This drive shaft reduces the familiar hump and tunnel inside the car which usually jam a lanky passenger's knees up against his nose. Mechanically speaking, the torque tube around this unique drive shaft also helps smooth out the inherent roughness of the four-cylinder engine.

The Tempest on the inside is tra-

ditionally American in its features and comfort. Attractively trimmed, it has a thumb-operated shift for automatic transmission and a floor-mounted stick for manual. Power steering (though it isn't needed) and even air conditioning are available. With a minimum hump, three people can honestly sit up front. Headroom is fine (38.3 inches in front, 37.1 in the rear). Outside, the grille is the twin-looped affair Pontiac has found so successful. Sheet-metal lines are crisp, chrome is spare and the single-barrel carburetor model gets about 22 miles to the gallon.

The Tempest can be labeled "compact"—a word American Motors considers precious—but this car is as large as or larger than many cars of 20 years ago. Its wheelbase is 112 inches, its length 189.5 inches, its width a generous 72.2 inches, and shipping weight is about 2,800 pounds. With a starting price of about \$2,590, the Tempest is in the right market. It is powerful and roomy enough to serve as a family car. Its technical innovations, which earn justified admiration, are interesting enough to attract the buyer with romance in his soul. He has a choice between a four-door sedan and a station wagon.

If the public should prove wary of the four-cylinder engine—and there is small cause for such an attitude—Knudsen has the eight-cylinder car, but he is playing it down. "We've got the right thing going here," he says of his Indianapolis Four. "And the 'rope' (flexible drive shaft) drive, the engine and the rear-mounted transmission will point the way to the future."

END

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Mishawaka,
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TEMPEST STATION WAGON HAS SAME GRILLE DEVELOPED FOR REGULAR PONTIAC LINE



The relief of Colgan Schlank

Arrrr, Colgan, and go back to your ornithology! Now, Mrs. Schlank will know good wash-and-wear before she buys it. She will look for the new "Sanforized-Plus" label on wash-

and-wear garments.

Until now, there was no way to tell the very good wash-and-wear from mediocre or horrid.

But the Sanforized people have invented an electronic instrument with the icy eye of a computer and standards to match. It is not the sort of machine you'd want to know, but it's good to have on your side.

If a wash-and-wear fabric can pass this precise, undeviating electronic gaze, as well as a gaggle of other rigorous tests, it is eligible to wear the "Sanforized-Plus" label.

If a fabric bears this proud insignia, it will shed wrinkles after wash-

ing, resist wrinkles while wearing and will never shrink out of fit.

Look for the "Sanforized-Plus" label, Colgan Schlank, and never again suffer from steamy vertebrae.

Just as "Sanforized" protects you against shrinkage in cottons, now "Sanforized-Plus" protects you against poor wash-and-wear.



Chert, Peabody & Co., Inc., guarantees one of its trademarks, "Sanforized-Plus," with iron labels, which cover the company's regulated standards for shrinkage and dimensional retention. Fabrics bearing the trademark "Sanforized" or "Sanforized-Plus" will not shrink more than 1% by the American C standard test.

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Smartest style & featuring distinctive TONKOR, the material that outwears leather, makes Pennsylvania bowling bags a solid life in every alley! These bags are available in a wide variety of pleats, solids and Tux-Tone, and in every price range. Be ready for the opening season—select a Pennsylvania bowling bag at your favorite store today!

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HARNESS RACING continued

were many expert horsemen who insisted that even a sound Bullet would never win the Jug because he could not handle the sharp turns of a half-mile track at top speed.

For a few minutes last Thursday afternoon these people appeared to be right. Going into the very first turn of the first heat Simpson pushed Bullet hard, trying to get the lead. Simpson, in fact, seemed to push Bullet a bit too hard, and the colt broke stride, propping himself high into the air. By the time Simpson straightened him out, Muncy Hanover had the lead at the quarter pole.

Muncy stayed right on that lead, too, for the remaining three-quarters of a mile. Moving along in his short, shuffling strides, he won by a length and one quarter, while Simpson and Bullet were beaten by 14 lengths. This is a misleading figure, however. Once Simpson knew that he and Bullet had been beaten in that first heat, he maneuvered his colt to finish ninth, a prime position for the next heat. Since the field would be arranged in two tiers behind the starting gate, it meant that Bullet would start directly behind Muncy at the rail.

Muncy charged away from the gate in the second heat and led at the half mile, with Bullet in third place behind Betting Time. At the three-quarter pole Simpson took Bullet out from the rail to begin his move, but Muncy moved blithely away and stole off to a two-length lead at the top of the short stretch.

Then, finally, Bullet remembered who he was. He started to pace like his old self, and in an instant he was at Muncy and in another instant he was by him. As Simpson looked to his left to watch Muncy he suddenly realized that another horse was flying at him on the outside, a horse named Merrie Gesture. Fortunately, he and Bullet had a precious half length left at the wire. The time for the second heat was exactly the same as for the first (1:58½).

After that heat, Simpson was asked for an opinion on how well his colt had performed. "Well," he said, "I think Bullet almost proved to some people that he might have just a speck of ability on a half-mile track. I didn't have to use him too much and I should have a pretty fresh colt left for the third heat." Simpson went

to the paddock and took off his jacket and then came outside the iron fence to get a soft drink. "This time I have the rail," he continued. "I hope we'll be able to get the job done."

Simpson turned to go back into the paddock and as he approached, the gate guard stopped him. "I'm sorry," said the guard, "but only people with passes are allowed in here."

It took a long debate and the vouchers of fellow drivers to persuade the guard of Simpson's identity, and once he was allowed in he walked quickly to his horse, shaking his head from side to side.

The third heat, a full second slower than the first two, was still the fourth fastest in Jug history. Del Miller hustled Dancer Hanover to the top, and Betting Time was second, with Bullet third at the quarter. Just past the half, Joe O'Brien tried to steal the race with Bright Knight and he led the field to the three-quarter pole, with Bullet second. At the top of the stretch there was a wall of horses, all with a good chance of winning. Through those last few yards Simpson drove Bullet as he had never driven him before—whipping, shouting, afire with urgency. Bullet responded superbly. He won by a length.

One more kiss

Simpson was congratulated all around and photographers screamed for two of the Jug queens to kiss him for pictures. The girls kept kissing him, and Simpson, watching carefully to see when the cameramen were about through, shouted "one more, please" and got himself kissed once again.

Bullet Hanover is of rare quality. He is impeccably bred; his father is Adios, whose offspring have won five of the last seven Jugs. His mother is Barbara Direct, a daughter of Billy Direct, who sired three Jug winners himself. Simpson believes Bullet will one day break the mile-track all-age record of 1:55. It may well happen next week on the famous Red Mile at Lexington, Ky.

The same day the Jug was raced at Delaware, a 2-year-old chestnut colt named Brooks Hanover won a stake in straight heats. The name is worth remembering for next year's Little Brown Jug. Brooks's sire is Adios, his dam is Barbara Direct. His brother is Bullet Hanover. **END**



(1960)



(1961)

Can you see the 27 changes?

This is the first picture of the new 1961 Volkswagen. It looks just like the '60.

We haven't made it longer or shorter. We haven't added fins or taken off fins. We haven't changed the fenders or tail lights.

We don't believe in planned obsolescence. Instead of putting the money into costly retooling, we've used it to give you a better car for the same price.

The '61 VW engine has 4 more horsepower. While this doesn't exactly put the

VW in the horsepower race, it adds a nice extra touch of liveliness to the acceleration!

All forward gears are now synchromesh—including first. You shift down from second to first lever while you're moving as easily as you shift into any other gear.

The front trunk is almost two-thirds longer inside, and yet so larger outside.

Windshield washers are now standard equipment, at no extra cost.

With these improvements (and 23 more),

the Volkswagen is still only \$1,565.* And that includes electric windshield wipers and the built-in heater/delco-ster.

In a recent issue of "Product Engineering Magazine," a leading American industrial designer, J. Gordon Lippincott, pointed to the success of the Volkswagen approach and called his article: "The Year's Model Change Must Go!"

We may have started some thing.



THE MUSIC OF BASEBALL



THE MELODIES INSPIRED BY THE GAME ARE RICH, RARE, SOMETIMES EVEN REVOLTING. WATCH OUT—PITTSBURGH MIGHT SING ITS WAY TO VICTORY

by ROBERT CANTWELL

WHEN the Braves moved from Boston to Milwaukee they took with them a fine new Hammond electric organ, which they perched in a makeshift organ loft in the magazine box seats behind first base in County Stadium. The organ sounded fine there, but the organist became a fanatical Braves supporter and soon was directing musical Braves cheers, raspberries, moans,

groans and advice to enemy players and managers. When he began playing *Three Blind Mice* every time he disagreed with the umpires he had to go. The task of replacing him fell to Joe Calmes and John Quinn of the Braves' staff, who listened to everybody around Milwaukee and finally selected Jane Jarvis, who—though an accomplished musician—had seen only one baseball game in her life.

"Just don't step on anybody's toes," said Joe. "And always remember to play *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* during the seventh-inning stretch," added John.

Thus prepared, Jane took her place at the console, hoping to provide a sprightly and noncontroversial musical commentary on the happenings on the diamond. But baseball is a game of unexpected happenings, and

the most unsuspected of all are those having to do with music and musicians. Soon after Jane started playing for the Braves there was a shower. When the ground crew hurriedly covered the infield, one of the crew members accidentally was caught under the big tarpaulin and went crawling on his hands and knees around the pitcher's mound, trying to find his way out. Some suspicion has always persisted that Jane thought it was all part of the game; at any rate, she started the stands rocking by playing *Where, O Where Has My Little Dog Gone?*, and she has been the official musician of the Braves ever since, this fall playing for her 499th game in County Stadium.

For some reason, baseball and music have always gone together: If that inspired musical, *Davey Yankee*, had never been written, there would still be ample evidence in the ancient band pieces dedicated to the sport, the marches, quicksteps, schottisches and the innumerable *Tis Puss Alfie* attempts to duplicate Albert von Tilzer's success with *Tsire Me Ost to the Ball Game*. Every club in the majors has a musical background, an astounding number of big league stars have also been professional musicians and, even now, when high union rates and mechanical music have ended the oldtime bands, there is still music of some kind in every park. Occasionally there is an orchestra, most often an organist, or at least some dedicated disc jockey playing records over the public address system to keep alive the tradition of musical inspiration during games.

It is typical of the musical history of baseball that the Pirates have become the most musical club in the National League. Maybe having a chance at the pennant induces songs and jollity, but as a general rule the most rhythmical, rollicking, harmonizing, piano-playing and guitar-strumming aggregation wins it, or comes mighty close—like the miracle Braves of 1914, who rocked up from last place late in July, borne upward by the singing of a group of infielders led by Rabbit Maranville, and the

Cardinals in the great days of the Gas House Gang, when Pepper Martin and his Mudcat Band were a nationwide radio feature. Not all the members of the Mudcat Band were classical musicians—Pepper himself played the guitar and the harmonica, William Henry McGee, known as Fiddler Bill, played the violin, Lefty Weiland the jug and Frenchy Boddagaway the washboard and auto horns—but when the Mudcat Band was really wound up playing their favorite number, *Over the Waves*, they made it sound like a victory march.

THE Pirates this season are not quite so uninhibited, but they have a trio consisting of El Roy Face, Harvey Haddix and Hal Smith, all playing guitars and singing homemade folksongs. Smith writes wald mountain music with long surrealistic titles, such as *When You Kiss a Girl Underneath the Rose Don't Mind a Little Powder on Your Nose*. (Baseball players have a liking for such words as *I Got a Clean Fall of Choline* and a *Brillly Fall of You* or the reverie, *A-sittin', A-sittin', an' A-whittlin'.*) El Roy Face also has a hillbilly act, calling for a guitar and a twanging voice, in which he dons a beaver hat, removes his teeth and yodels romantic tunes; and all three improvise new words to old tunes:

*Oh, how they hit me tonight,
Hit me a wile a blow.
Oh, how they hit me tonight,
More than you'll ever know.*

Let it be thought that any connection established between music and baseball is coincidental, musical compositions—and very good ones, too—appeared in the early years of the game. Twenty-five amateur clubs held a convention in 1858 to organize the first baseball league, and the first piece of music devoted to baseball dates from that same year: *The Base Ball Polka*, written by J. Randolph Blodgett, a player with the Niagara Baseball Club of Buffalo, N.Y.

How good it was as music is open to question, but it certainly was popular. It launched a lot of instrumental pieces on baseball themes in the

next few years, and Blodgett gave up his job as organist at St. John's Church to become a prosperous Buffalo music store operator.

The first musical baseball classic appeared in 1888, written for the Live Oak Baseball Club of Rochester. There was an intense rivalry between the Buffalo and Rochester clubs, and Rochester backers plainly wanted to outdo Blodgett's *The Base Ball Polka* with something better of their own. They commissioned John Kalbfleisch, listed in the Rochester directory of 1880 as a "professor of music," to write *The Live Oak Polka*. Kalbfleisch did too good a job, producing a spirited, ingenious piece of music, characterized by rocking right-hand runs, Opus No. 7 among his works. As the national anthem of the game, however, *The Live Oak Polka* required too great a technical proficiency: only highly trained pianists could master it, and not many of these were to be encountered at baseball games.

LIVE OAK players themselves, full of pride in their music, deepened its obscurity by publishing it in a magnificent edition with a brilliant lithograph for a cover—a green field, a diamond, top-hatted spectators, a Live Oak player in a natty uniform. The result was that *The Live Oak Polka* became a prime collector's item, bought by people who had no idea of the music it contained. The same fate overcame the next piece of music devoted to baseball, John Zehley's really extraordinary *Home Run Quick Step*, which was published in Philadelphia in 1881. At that time Zehley was a salesman in a hatery and glove store on Chestnut Street, lived with his family in their Spruce Street home and played baseball with the team of the Mercantile Club. *Home Run Quick Step* is the most original and haunting of the early baseball classics, technically complex, with the rhythm carried in subtle and insistent harmonies by the right hand. Its cover made it, too, a collector's item, a copy fetching about \$36 a decade or so ago.

continued

The Civil War interrupted the development of this promising branch of American music, for the next composition, also called *Base Ball Polka*, by James Goodman, did not appear until 1867. But in that year at least seven more were published: *The Base Ball Fere*, *Base Ball Quadrille*, *Base Ball Waltz*, *Home Run Galop*, *Home Run Polka*, *Union Base Ball Club March* and the first baseball song, *The Bat and the Ball*, with words by a man named Johnson and music by someone identified only as Max. Whoever Max was, he wrote a simple and attractive tune which was scarcely more complicated than *Sweet Betsy from Pike*. There was a genuine folk-music simplicity about this primitive composition, the first chorus of which ran:

We come from the mountains,
We come from the plain,
We gather in swarms
On our field once again;
So stand to your bases,
And "field" it with care,
No "muffing" of balls
As they fly thro' the air.

Then hurrah boys, hurrah,
For the Bat and the Ball,
That serves us for action,
With swarms crowding,
'Tis the pride of our nation,
The glory of all,
Then hurrah boys, hurrah,
For the Bat and the Ball.

UNFORTUNATELY, these starchy sentiments led to imitations, in which increasingly patriotic virtues were attributed to baseball. The same year an obscure poet named Bliss published *Catch It on the Fly*, claiming that baseball would benefit "clerks and all the indoor men" and proclaiming in sonorous tones, neatly arranged for male voices:

'Twill make the weak men strong
again

And in 1868 Walter Neville, of the famous Olympic Baseball Club of New York, produced *Hurrah for Our National Game*, the theme of which was that baseball

Lends new strength to our hardy
roy.



THIS WAS COVER OF HIT TUNE IN 1866

Twenty years later patriotic, spiritual and physical values were still being attributed to baseball by song writers, in works like Mullen's *The Baseball Song*, which disdainfully rejected all other games:

Let others talk of Cricket
Or punning in the Wicket,
But Base-ball's the game for me.

But in the meantime something had happened that made the high-fown or phony sentiments of the songs seem out of date. As all amateur historians of baseball know, the first professional team, the Red Stockings, was organized in Cincinnati in 1868. In 1869 they played all over the country, won 62 games and lost none and inspired *The Red Stockings Schottische* by Mrs. Hettie Shirley Austin. A marvelously gay and bouncy tune, it somehow communicated something of the spirit of the game itself. The amateur clubs were still in existence, and the junior champions were a club from a Boston suburb, called the Una Base Ball Club. When the Una nine won the championship again in 1873 it electrified a Boston dance music composer named M. J. Messer, of whom nothing is known except that he wrote the *Una Schottische* in honor of the victory. With this piece of music, baseball came very near winning a timeless composition in its honor. Perhaps the only barrier to its lasting popularity was its title. The *Una Schottische* was as vivid and lighthearted as the tunes of *On! On!* almost a century later, and like

that music possessed a charming country-dance or outdoor air; it was a work of happy enthusiasm that made it ideally suited for the band concerts that once accompanied ball games.

The next change came when the solemn patriotic songs were put out of business by the astounding popularity of *Slide, Kelly, Slide!* in 1889. There were two Kellys mixed up in this song. One was Mike Kelly, the first great base stealer, a lover of night life, show girls, race horses and liquor, and the hero of the Chicago Irish, who pecked the stands to yell, "Slide, Kelly, slide!" until they made the phrase a catchword, used on any occasion to indicate an emergency. The other Kelly was John W. Kelly, a Philadelphia-born steelworker who had a vaudeville act in which he peered over his spectacles and improvised endlessly on Irish-American folkways, now and then pausing to sing good songs of his own composing. This Kelly professed to live in a state of constant bewilderment: Why was it that when the Germans held a picnic they marched straight for the picnic ground, while the Irish always began by marching around town for three hours? Could it only be because every man was determined to have the parade pass his own house?

THE baseball feats of Mike Kelly were made to order for the genius of this other Kelly. In *Slide, Kelly, Slide!* he explained modestly that he too played a game of baseball ("I belong to Casey's Nine") and the crowd was jolly, and the weather it was fine. Sent to bat, he took three strikes, but the catcher dropped the ball, and he ran like the devil for first base, with the crowd roaring, "Slide, Kelly, slide!" Misfortunes multiplied: he was sent in to catch, as the catcher wanted to go out and get a drink, but the second pitch passed through his mask and broke his nose. The crowd roared with all its might, and he ran toward the clubhouse—"I thought there was a fight!" The difficulty became truly nightmarish in the third verse: it appears that on him depends victory or defeat, but the score is already 64-0, and the song ends as Kelly is carried home, his neighbors singing

continued



The car that never needs an ordinary grease job

M The "compact" and the "import" on the grease rocks need a complete grease job every other month. The new British Triumph/Herald never does. Most of its major parts are lined with rubber or nylon. There's no friction—no need for lubrication. Only 4 parts ever need greasing, and then only once every 6,000-12,000 miles.

This is only one of the Triumph/Herald's innovations. It has so many, automotive experts say it is "3 full engineering years ahead" of any other car on the road. Here are 4 of its most startling advances.

1. The wheels turn farther than any other car's (45 degrees each way).

So a TRIUMPH out-maneuvers and out-turns the others. For instance, it parallel parks with only 18 inches keeway on either end.

2. The body is made in 7 easily replaceable sections. Any damage can be repaired in no time at all. The mechanic simply removes the damaged section, restores it and replaces it. It's easy . . . and it's inexpensive.

3. The TRIUMPH has so many safety features, one British insurance firm cut its rates 12 1/2%.

4. The TRIUMPH has 4-wheel independent suspension, a torsion bar stabilizer and the sturdiest frame ever put on an economy car. Try it on the roughest road you know and be pleasantly surprised.

The TRIUMPH HERALD has many other features not found on other cars. But it costs less* than the lowest-priced "compact." It saves even more. Unlike most other cars, it comes equipped, not stripped. Major items you usually pay extra for are included in the list price—even windshield washers. The only "extras" are white walls and a radio.

You have your choice of 3 models: Sedan, Sports Coupe and Convertible. Phone any of the over 650 TRIUMPH dealers (listed in the Yellow Pages) and he'll drive a TRIUMPH/Herald right to your door for a free demonstration. **TRIUMPH** Call today.

*Sedan—\$1849; Sports Coupe—\$2149; Convertible—\$2219. Plus tax and/or local title. Slightly higher in West. Overseas delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., Dept. 886-100, 1745 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.



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BASEBALL MUSK[®] mentioned

*Slide, Kelly, slide!
Yankee's a disgrace!
Slide, Kelly, slide!
Stay there, hold your base*

This became one of the most popular songs in American history. Maggie Cline, the leading vaudeville star of the period, sang it at Tony Pastor's in New York, and it swept the country. Maggie is ranked by authorities with the top half dozen stars in her field, along with Elsie Janis (whose father, incidentally, was a professional baseball player with the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1911), Irene Bordoni, Fritzi Scheff and others as gifted. Maggie was herself as legendary in her own field as was Mike Kelly on the diamond. She always had the same hansom cab pick her up and drive her to the theater, and one night, irritated by the mock heroics of a Buffalo Bill show, she took the reins from the cab driver and drove through the stage entrance and up on the stage, where Buffalo Bill was shooting and dead Indians were lying around. The legends don't agree as to what happened when Maggie stepped out of the carriage, but it would have been in character for her to belt out *Slide, Kelly, Slide!* amid the yells of rednecks and the sound of blank cartridges.

TWO movies were made called *Slide, Kelly, Slide*. The first was a baseball comedy produced in 1910 by Essanay; the second was a big production in 1927, starring William Haines as Kelly, with Harry Carey as an over-age catcher who is trying to finish one more season so he can buy a cigar store. Kelly pitches a no-hitter for the Yankees, gets the big lead, drinks bootleg hooch and in a big scene tells Harry Carey he is all washed up. This quells him with Harry's daughter with whom he is in love. Kelly skids downhill fast, until finally little Mickey, the mascot, loses faith in him. The Yankees play the Cardinals in the World Series. (Real Yankees were used in this sequence.) The Series is tied three games to three. Harry Carey pleads for Kelly to be given another chance, even though he did call Carey a has-been. It is finally decided that Kelly shall pitch again. As little Mickey rides on his bicycle to tell Kelly the news, he is run over by a fire truck.

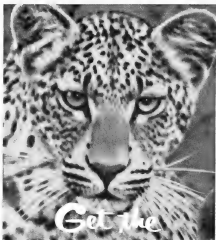
The doctors decide that the only way to restore the boy's will to live is to let him watch the decisive game, so there he is, pretty well banged up, in a box seat. Kelly pitches like one inspired, but the score is 1-1 in the bottom half of the ninth, when Kelly himself comes to bat. He glances toward the box seats, and there he sees little Mickey, down on his knees, praying for a hit. Kelly hits a home run, and the movie ends with him marrying Harry Carey's daughter, and little Mickey dancing around as merrily as a kid who's been run over by a fire truck can be expected to.

How closely did the music of baseball reflect the game itself? In the period when the best of its music was written, bands played in the big league parks, and even small towns had bands that played for the big games. But whether big league or small town, the bands played standard band music, anything from Gilmore or Sousa marches to the thundering *Battle of Prague*. They never played anything remotely connected with baseball, unless it happened to be a piece written by a local musician for the local club, like the *Tyro Base Ball March*, a haunting composition by Alice Rice for the Tyro Base Ball Club of Detroit, or *The Temple Cup Two-Step*, written by John Cavanaugh to celebrate the Giants' winning the championship in 1924.

A good many musicians were conscious of the discrepancy between the scene and the music. Charles Ives, the modernist composer, was the son of a band leader in Danbury, Conn., and was also a player on the Yale nine. One of his most discordant and jangled works, a showpiece of modern atonal piano music full of dissonant chords, was a baseball composition called *Seven South-Paw Pitching*. Virtually unplayable, a musical monstrosity, *Seven South-Paw Pitching* could hardly be said to possess a more significant relation to the sport than did the *Entry of the Gladiators* or the other standard band favorites of the period when Ives's father led the Danbury band.

The question is whether there was not a distinct branch of a native American music coming into existence around the sport. Certainly there were exceptionally lively and unbacked

continued



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compositions being written. And certainly the ties that link baseball and music have been close and significant. That eminent baritone, Bing Crosby, owns 10% of the Pirates, but lots of musicians before him owned ball clubs. Angelo's Base Ball Fever of 1887 was dedicated to Lew Simmons of Philadelphia, the Bing Crosby of his day, the leading minstrel, who owned the Philadelphia Athletics, a pioneer club that antedated Connie Mack's Athletics. Helen Traubel, the opera star, owned part of the St. Louis Browns. Harry Frazee, the owner of the Boston Red Sox, sold Babe Ruth, Herb Pennock, Carl Mays and half a dozen lesser players in order to get money to back his musical comedies. Before the turn of the century the Phillies had a fine first baseman named Sydney Farrar, whose daughter Geraldine became the famous opera star.

IT has always seemed to me a matter to be regretted that there was no American music to engage the talents of a singer like Geraldine Farrar. In the days when she was making her debut in Berlin as Marguerite in Faust, Victor Red Seal records were almost synonymous with culture, and a stately female wearing something shaped like a wigwag represented the epitome of highbrow musical joy. No one would wish anything of the sort on baseball; still, an opera of the game, or a musical version of the tragedy of the Black Sox scandal conceivably could have been nearer the springs of native inspiration for a singer like Geraldine Farrar than the dagger-wielding scenes of *Curioses*.

Part of the reason why nothing developed from the promising beginnings of the music of baseball was that much of it was local or topical, lacking connection with organized sport (or organized music) to freight it over years of transition. The musicians had only local reputations; the publishers were frequently only music store operators. But the more important reason was that, as Tin Pan Alley developed, the older music was buried under a flood of imitative works. In 1906 Fred Fisher published *It's Great at the Baseball Game*, an undistinguished but mildly agreeable

continued

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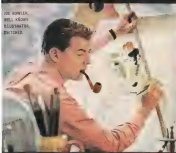
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work, far below his best (he also wrote Chicago and Dardanella) but historically important because it paved the way for Albert von Tilzer's *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. Unlike Fisher, who really loved baseball, Von Tilzer had never seen a game in his life. His real name was Albert Gumm; he was the brother of Harry von Tilzer, an established songwriter, and he followed his brother's lead when Harry changed his name. Albert worked with Jack Norworth, the husband of Nora Bayes, composing *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, and its combination of a genial tune and simple, singable words gave baseball a permanently popular favorite. Viewed objectively, there is a certain Alice in Wonderland illogic to some of the words.

*Buy me some peanuts and cracker-jack
I don't care if I never get back*

These did irresponsibility and escape triumph over the noble and inspiring sentiments of the game's musical pioneers—and just as well, too. The colossal success of the song from the start inspired innumerable imitations. Those two great musicians, Johnny Evans and Joe Tinker—yes, the Tinker-to-Evans-to-Chance boys—published a song, *Between You and Mr. George M.* Cohan wrote the words to *Take Your Girl to the Ball Game*, with music by Jean Schwartz (who wrote *Chinatown*, among many other masterpieces):

*Get your seat in the shade,
Buy some cool lemonade . . .
Tell her each player's name
And all the points of the game,
And all her life she'll be thankful
to you.*

The blessings that would follow if one took one's girl to the ball game mounted in each new composition, until Arthur Longbrake and Edith Barbier reached the peak in the Baseball Game of Love, published during the first popularity of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*:

*I was on first
And you on second,
Cupid held the third base down.*

This was a remarkable ball game, acknowledged

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

BASEBALL MUSIC *continued*

the composers having the erroneous idea that the base runners were racing against each other, the one on first trying to pass the one on second. Some ball game! Anyway, it provided a climax as exciting as the chariot race in *Ben-Hur*:

*As we two reached third together,
Cupid gave us each a shove.
That we both slid for the home
plate,
In our baseball game of love.*

ABOUT the only tangible benefit that can be detected from these attempts to cash in on the popularity of Von Tilzer's chorus is that they gave Ring Lardner confidence to write music of his own. He calculated that it would be impossible to do worse. In 1938, when *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* was sweeping the country (and when the imitations had passed beyond parody), Lardner was a sportswriter on the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. He was spending his first season traveling with the White Sox. Guy Harris White, known as Doc, was a timeless banjo player. He was also, of course, a phenomenal pitcher who had won 27 and lost 18 the year before. Lardner played the piano, made arrangements, composed songs for amateur theatricals and had a deep desire to write popular music, but he lacked the confidence necessary to do it, or perhaps he possessed too keen a sense of humor to put up with its artificialities. Doc White soon took care of any lingering self-consciousness on Lardner's part, however, improvising idiotic parodies and topical songs on the long train journeys of the White Sox. Their first published work was a sentimental song, *Little Puff of Smoke*, *Good Night*, brought out by a Chicago firm, with words by "R. W. Lardner" and with White's music revealing a melodic gift of casual and innocent charm. Next they wrote their tribute to baseball, *Get It's a Wonderful Game*. The thought in this opus is that if Columbus could come back now and see the country he might not like some things about it, but if he watched Christopher Mathewson pitch,

*He'd have said, "Boys, I'm glad
I discovered this land.
Get it's a wonderful game!"*

END

A public statement concerning Metrecal, a new concept of weight control

Several months ago, Metrecal® was introduced to the medical profession by Mead Johnson & Company, manufacturers of nutritional and pharmaceutical products. Many people have since learned of this product by word-of-mouth. To emphasize the role of the physician in problems of weight control and to provide accurate information on Metrecal, Mead Johnson & Company is publishing this factual report.

In September of 1959, a new product—Metrecal—was introduced to the medical profession by Mead Johnson & Company. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth, hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective weight control agent. It is not a panacea.

Metrecal is a complete food in powder form which is mixed with water to make beverage meals. It is designed to provide a low osmotic diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individ-

ual. Thereafter, it can be used indefinitely for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight on a properly devised Metrecal program simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And Metrecal users are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the Metrecal diet. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted

under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more. Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

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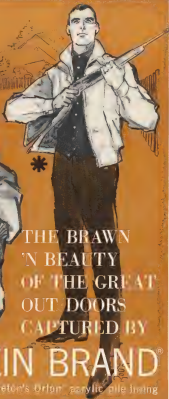
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Ken Venturi, San Francisco, 271 for 72 holes, \$4,200.

Who Hanged the 1927 Pirates?

No one doubts that the Yankees pulled the rope tight, but two bullheaded men helped knot the noose

WHEN the Pittsburgh Pirates last played in the World Series, 33 years ago, they had the misfortune of running into what many consider the "greatest team in baseball." The New York Yankees that season had won 110 games and finished a full 19 games ahead of the second-place team, seemingly without raising a sweat. Paced by Babe Ruth's record 60 home runs and Lou Gehrig's record 175 runs batted in, the Yanks had hit more homers and scored more runs than any other team in modern history.

The day before the 1927 World Series started, the Yankee Murderers' Row did some more home run hitting, this time in batting practice. The effect of so many balls sailing into the distant stands at Forbes Field is supposed to have won the Series for the Yankees before an inning had been played.

And when Pittsburgh became the first National League team to lose a World Series in four straight games, the legend of the Pirates choking up in the face of invincible Yankee power became established. While it is true that the Pirates did not play good baseball during the 1927 World Series, the Yankees, contrary to the legend, did not crash Pittsburgh to death with slugging. They had only two home runs, both of course by Babe Ruth. The rest of the time New York scored runs in un-Yankeeslike fashion: three came in on two walks and two errors to win the first game 5-4. A wild pitch and a hit batsman brought in two runs in the second game. And when the Yankees won the last game in the sixth inning 4-3, they scored the winning run with a walk, a bunt single, a wild pitch, an

intentional walk and another wild pitch.

The mighty Yankees, in fact, were lucky to win the Series at all, much less sweep it. For the 1927 Pittsburgh



DONIE BUSH STARES STERNLY FROM DUGOUT

Pirates, though not so explosive, were just as good a hitting club as the Yankees. "They were one of the strongest teams the National League ever fielded," says Garry Schumacher, the knowledgeable publicity man of the San Francisco Giants. With Paul Waner (.380) leading the league, closely followed by his brother Lloyd (.355) and Pie Traynor (.342), the Pirates had seven hitters over .300. The team as a whole batted a rousing .365.

How, then, could a club as strong as the Pirates be overcome so easily?

At the time Barney Dreyfuss, the Pirate owner, said bitterly, "No team that is good enough to win the championship of a major league should lose four straight games to the pennant winner of the rival league."

The answer perhaps lies in the mysterious benching of one of the Pirate stars several weeks before the end of the season and in the implacable feud of two bullheaded men. Although the Pirates were involved in a tense three-team pennant race that was not settled until the next-to-last day of the season, Manager Donie Bush stopped playing his .399 hitting outfielder, Kiki Cuyler, on August 9. Cuyler had just been fined \$50 for not sliding into second base on a double-play ball, and Bush ostensibly kept him out of the next game as a disciplinary move. But the rest of the month Cuyler appeared only a few times, and then as a pinch hitter or a late game replacement.

Finally he played a full game on September 5, but the next day was back on the bench. As pressure for Cuyler's return increased, Bush said: "There is nothing personal in my attitude toward Cuyler. He has not been playing up to the quality of the Waner brothers and his replacements, and therefore I feel it necessary to keep him out of the game."

With the Pirates fighting hard to win the pennant, Bush continued to ignore Cuyler and used rookies recently recalled from the minors in his place. Cuyler never appeared in another game that season.

When the first World Series game began in Pittsburgh, Cuyler was still on the bench. In the ninth inning, with the Pirates behind 5-4 and the pitcher scheduled to bat, Bush chose Fred Brickett, a reserve outfielder who had had only 21 at-bats during the regular season, to pinch-hit.

continued

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1927 PIRATES continued

"The fans lost their good humor long enough to yell 'We want Cuyler,' when Brickell was sent up to bat," said *The New York Times* reporter. "Cuyler, a star outfielder, has been kept on the bench by Manager Bush, and Pittsburgh fandom is much exercised over the fact." Brickell tapped weakly to the pitcher, and the Pirates lost the first game.

The reaction was so intense in Pittsburgh that Dreyfuss issued a statement denying he had ordered Bush not to play Cuyler. "It is solely an issue between Bush and Cuyler," he said. "If Bush wants to play Cuyler at any time he is free to do so."

With Cuyler still in the dugout, the Pirates lost the second game 6-2. During a Pirate rally in the eighth inning, in which they scored one run, Bush again bypassed Cuyler. "The nerves of the crowd gave way," said *The Times*, "and the fans staged one of the most remarkable demonstrations seen in any World Series. The core of the trouble was the famous case of Kiki Cuyler, which has shaken Pittsburgh fandom to its foundations. Two years ago Cuyler was the hero of the World Series. Last year he was still a star, but this season he sat on the bench while kids from the minors drifted along and stepped in ahead of the great outfielder. Why this should be, nobody knows, least of all the fans of this smoky city. And they have been demanding to know the why and wherefore.

"In the eighth inning, when a pinch hitter was needed, the fans rose by the thousands and set up a deafening clamor for Cuyler. But Denis Bush was obstinate and called on Earl Smith, and the storm of boos and jeers and catcalls would have done credit to St. Louis.

"Bush stood out in the coaching line and took it all without flinching while staid citizens jumped up and waved their fists in his direction," continued the *Times* man. "When Smith grounded weakly to Gehrig another chorus of derisive jeers and laughter greeted the failure of Cuyler's substitute."

Bush used pinch hitters three more times in the next two games, and none were effective. Cuyler never got another chance to play for Pittsburgh. In November he was traded to the Chicago Cubs. He played 11 more

somers in the majors and batted as high as .360 in 1929. That year he did play in the World Series, for the Cubs, and hit .300.

Cuyler died suddenly in 1950 without ever fully explaining what happened in 1927. Bush, too, refused for years to say what caused him to keep one of his stars out of the lineup that season. But recently he told his side of the story to Fred Russell, sports editor of the *Nashville Banner*.

"Cuyler had played center field and batted third in 1926," said Bush. "He wanted to do the same thing in 1927. I started the season with him in center and had him hitting third. Later I decided he should play left and hit second. My reason for making the change was that Lloyd Waner had joined the club and I regarded him a better center fielder than Cuyler. Lloyd was faster and had a better arm."

"Cuyler had a great arm too. But he was inclined to throw the ball in from the outfield as high that our infielders couldn't cut off the throw and prevent runners from advancing from first or second base. I had spoken to him about it several times."

"One day late in the season, in a close game, the opposing club had runners on first and third, with one out," Bush continued. "The batter died to Cuyler. He threw toward the plate, too high for a cutoff, and the runner on first advanced to second. From there he scored on a single. That run beat us."

"When Cuyler came in to the bench I said to him, 'Won't you ever learn to throw the ball low?'"

"He said, 'If you don't like the way I play get somebody else.'"

"I said, 'I will.'"

"I put Clyde Barnhart in left field. It had to be that way. I had to maintain discipline. One time I did fine Cuyler \$50 for not sliding to try to break up a double play. But the real reason I benched him was for what he said to me after the high throw."

"I had great respect for Cuyler as a player. His only trouble was his temperament, his bullheadedness. If he had apologized to me I would have put him back in the lineup. But he never did."

Perhaps if Cuyler had been less bullheaded the Pirates would have got some badly needed runs in the 1927 Series. And perhaps if Manager Bush had been less bullheaded they would have won it.

END



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THE READERS TAKE OVER

STILL READY

Sir:

Thank you for your editorial *Freedom to Kill* (Sept. 19). We career Coast Guard families can vouch firsthand for lax marine laws, poor enforcement and red-bottomed appropriations for the Coast Guard.

I used to think that the Coast Guard's translation of *Semper Paratus* as "simply forgotten" was about 89% true; however, now I know *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* cares.

R. J. M. KOEHL

New London, Conn.

ALL-WHITE MISS

Sir:

The one thing that stops near University of Mississippi students and fellow Mississippians from wholeheartedly applauding your article (Babel, Brutes and Ole Miss, Sept. 19) was the paragraph on segregation: "One thing the university has no reason to be proud about is the fact that it is all white." Ole Miss students are very proud of their football team, two Miss American high scholastic standards and campus life. But they also hold the highest regard for their southern heritage. We are indeed very much proud of being "all white."

HOSS PHILLIPS

University, Miss.

Sir:

The students of the University of Mississippi are not only proud to be called all white, they are determined to remain all white.

MALCOLM S. DAIR

Editor, *The Mississippi*

University, Miss.

Sir:

I myself do not attend Ole Miss but I do attend one of the large southern universities and I'd like to say, "We are proud. . ."

DAVID YOUNCE

Asheville, Ala.

RAIN CHECK

Sir:

As Tacoma wound up its first Pacific Coast League season in '78 sunshine land in second place, many of us recalled a four-paragraph piece you published May 2. Noting that rain had affected the opening-week schedule of our heroes, your writer concluded: "Apparently forgotten in the excitement of the plans for revival was the reason that Tacoma's last Pacific Coast League team left town in 1965: The weather wasn't fit for baseball."

For the record, the Tacoma Giants drew 279,684 paid customers during the season to lead the league in this depart-

ment and to place second nationally in minor league attendance—just behind Buffalo, a city more than three times Tacoma's population.

HOW HANSON

Mayor

Tacoma, Wash.

POWER PROFILE

Sir:

In an attempt to analyze Anna Hary's fast start (*The Thief of Stars*, Sept. 18) could one contributing factor be his best effort? (The shorter the pendulum—the faster the action.) All the other sprinters pictured had nearly extended elbows. Has anyone else noticed this?

JAMES SANFORS

Philadelphia

• They have indeed. Abilene Christian Coach Oliver Jackson, for one, instructs his runners (Morrow, Young and Woodhouse among others) to keep their arms bent at about 90°. Says Jackson, "The shorter the radius



of the arm's circular motion the faster and more immediate the action. By natural reflex, the legs also react this way. Hary's accentuated forward lean is another speed factor that permits the direction of the push by the feet to be as much forward (rather than up) as possible."—ED.

HATS TO RATINGS

Sir:

After last year's Special Football Issue, it seemed you could never come up with another like it, but this one is even better! However—why not a higher rating for Arkansas?

PAUL ADAMS

Southwest City, Mo.

continued

Trim Inches Away
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Is Exercise Really Necessary?

Not the strenuous, boring kind! If you'd like to **get back in shape** and stay that way, take a tip from the fashion models that have found a fast, easy and pleasant way to **stay trim and youthful**. If you're willing to spend just 3 minutes a day with Picas, you can make inches vanish from hips, waist, seat and stomach... firm thighs, upper arms and other trouble spots that make you look heavier and feel older than you really are.

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It's pleasant because Picas movements are interestingly varied. It doesn't make you hungry... you don't have to change clothes or even leave the privacy of your home or office. Yet, you are getting the benefits of real exercise which trims auge and bulges... **firms and tightens** nature's own girdle of muscles to restore youthful appearance and vitality at any age.

No dieting is required if, like most people, it is inches, not weight that you wish to lose. If you must lose weight, Picas plus diet makes it come off in the desired places.

Although Picas takes no more space than a broom in the corner, it takes the place of a whole arsenal of expensive gym equipment. Including complete instructions, Picas costs only \$16.95. So phone your favorite sporting goods or department store, and try Picas in your home right away.



PICAS of America, 443 E. 3rd St., Tucson, Arizona



VOTING BACKGROUND: Which presidential candidate can best guide U.S. foreign policy? Part three of an urgent LIFE series examines what both candidates and party platforms have said on an issue brought into sharper focus by the current U.N. session.

SEVENTH AVENUE: Three out of four women's dresses sold in the U.S. originate in New York City, most within the 18-block, self-contained world of Seventh Avenue's garment center. In eight full-color picture pages LIFE this week takes you behind the scenes to see how Seventh Avenue translates new styles into wearable—and buyable—reality.

CHOOSING COLLEGE: With a tidal wave of war-baby students jamming college facilities, this year's high school senior is already thinking about 1961 enrollment. LIFE's fact chart lists useful data on costs, scholarships and entrance requirements for 50 colleges and includes revealing comments about the schools by high school guidance counselors.

CAMPAIGN FUNDS: Political candidates are limited by law in how much they may spend to get elected, but the laws governing spending, as well as giving, have loopholes big enough for an entire campaign train to plunge through. Robert Bendiner tells the absorbing story of big party finance and how it's done.

LIFE

OUT THIS WEEK

TENT HOLE continued

Slur:

Have your so-called football experts gone out at their overlovin' mounds? You reviewed Heidelberg College and did not even mention the team that most local and Ohio experts pick to beat Heidelberg for the Ohio Conference title—Muskogean.

CHUCK HANSEN

New Concord, Ohio

Sir:

Haven't you heard that they play football in North and South Dakota?

JAY M. ALLEN

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

You apparently deny the very existence of the Missouri Valley Conference!

EDWARD J. KOENIG

Cincinnati

Sir:

My eyes still ache from searching for something about Lenoir Rhyne College, Hickory, N.C., the NAIA's No. 1 team in the nation last year.

N. S. HAYDEN

Greenville, S.C.

Sir:

I have come to the conclusion that you don't know a good football team when you see one.

DAN STEIN

Huntington Woods, Mich.

SIGNALS OVER

WE SAW JOE STATE QUARTERBACK OWEN SALLIGAS AND LISTED HIS INTERESTS IN 1955. WE BLUSH FOR THOSE WHOSE INTERESTS WOULD HAVE BEEN INTERESTING SALLIGAS' BOSS PLANTER. THE PAGE PLEASE PRINT THE CORRECTION ON IT IN SOME ONE WITHIN AT HANDS OF SALLIGAS.

ART JOHNSON

ATLANTIC NEWS BUREAU

300 JEFFERSON STREET, CHICAGO

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED regrets compounding Art Johnson's misadventure into a felony, and we're happy to put him right with his quarterback.—ED.

FRONT SEAT

Sir:

In Europe, gymnastics is not a "minor" sport but the major sport (EDUCATION, Sept. 19). It is the original form of athletic competition in the world. This alone is evidence enough that gymnastics should not take a back seat in this country.

KIT BURTON

Alhambra, Calif.

Sir:

Let's give greater emphasis to gymnastics. It should be regarded as the foundation of practically all other sports. And it could be taught in all schools without any difficulty—and with infinitely more benefit than many of the subjects passing as education in the schools today.

ROBERT M. SNYDER

Clearwater, Fla.



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JAMES ARENDER

Diving for gold

While the U.S. Olympians were making headlines in Rome last month, a small band of sporting pioneers was winning athletic honors and friends for America behind the Iron Curtain. The occasion was the fifth world parachuting championships, in which skydivers from 12 nations competed at Sofia, Bulgaria.

The American team in this new sport consisted of two women and four men, one of whom, Dick Fortenberry, took off from a height of 6,900 feet to land in the center of a target for the first time (i.e., right on the bull's-eye) leap ever made in world

competition. Dick dislocated his elbow on the next jump, however, and had to withdraw, leaving it up to his teammate, Jim Arender, to defend the national honor. A 20-year-old Army paratrooper sergeant with just 15 months of jumping experience, Arender stepped from a Russian biplane high above Sofia, opened his chute and executed a near-perfect pattern of body turns and rolls. His two jumps totaled 449.5 points, three more than his nearest rival. The result: a gold medal for Jim Arender in the style event and the first world parachute championship ever won for the U.S.

—more insurance premiums to pay



—more clothes

—more automobile mileage



—more everything.

Until finally, at about 55, with his children educated and flown away, he reaches a plateau, begins to consolidate his gains and sits down firmly on what he has left.

Here are the statistics I mentioned earlier:

The 25 to 54 age bracket in the U. S. today (by age of household head) amounts to 62% of all U. S. households.

But 80% of all incomes of \$10,000 and over are concentrated in this age bracket—

- which accounts for 78% of all new cars
- 77% of all \$500-a-year-and-more family clothing purchases
- 78% of all life insurance policies sold last year
- 77% of all the clothes dryers
- 85% of all the domestic air travel
- and 89% of all the Caribbean vacation travel.

And whereas 62% of all U. S. households, again, are in

SP3

(continued on back page)

this 25-54 age bracket, 78% of all SPORTS ILLUSTRATED households are—with a median age of 42.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has more male readers per copy aged 25 to 54 than any other weekly magazine.

In SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, you get not only the editorial excitement, the color, the atmosphere of today's most contemporary magazine; not only the merchandising momentum that only sport can lend as advertising campaign. You also reach people at the peak season of their buying careers—

during their most active years, when their families are growing, their needs are growing, their buying power is growing—the years, when as consumer spending goes . . .

they're neither too young nor too old.

* * *

As I said, with sportsmen it's different. In this issue of SI, you'll see 20-year-old Bob Schlerodt of the Washington Huskies on the cover—and inside you'll read about the grizzled 70-year-old Casey Stengel who was a veteran of World Series games before most of his probable National League opponents were born.

But with customers, you have to sell them when they're at the buying age.

Old enough to have sown the seeds of success, but young enough to have many good harvest years ahead of them.

Old enough to have many needs for many things, but young enough to have many needs still unsatisfied.

Old enough to have a family to provide for, but young enough still to have a growing family.

We submit that your greatest concentration of such families is now reading the same magazine you are—in the mood and with the money and at the age to be your best customers.

SP4



Pete Collaway

Advertising Director

Announcing Chrysler Corporation's low-price compact for 1961!

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